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Progress on Jerusalem

WHEN the Trusteeship Council last week acknowledged its failure to internationalize Jerusalem and handed the issue back to the General Assembly, it displayed common sense and considerable courage. As Sir Carl Berendsen had said a couple of days earlier, it was "high time to end the sorry farce" of attempting to carry out the Assembly resolution making Jerusalem a corpus separatum under United Nations administration. The decision of last December was doomed from the beginning, owing first and chiefly to its own unrealistic, unjust provisions, and secondly to the resistance of Israel and Jordan. Its collapse serves as a final damning comment on the partisan tactics which produced it, particularly those practiced by the Vatican through its spokesmen in the Assembly.

An alternative proposal for breaking the deadlock recently submitted to the Council by Israel offers a starting point for new discussions in the Assembly. Accepting the principle of the Curatorship Plan which has been laid before President Truman with the indorsement of 285 distinguished Americans, the Israeli memorandum proposes a statute creating a U. N. authority of limited powers. Under this statute a United Nations representative or body would be appointed to supervise and maintain the Holy Places, guarantee free access, facilitate pilgrimages, adjudicate disputes among the religious communities with rights in the various shrines, and carry out other specific functions. This proposal represents a genuine concession, since last year Israel suggested a contractual agreement between itself and the United Nations. The statute now proposed would place the Holy Shrines under the permanent authority of the United Nations.

If this or any other intelligent solution is to be reached at the September session of the Assembly, the United States must play a more positive role than it did last winter. In our judgment the American delegation should put its weight behind the principle of the Curatorship Plan, which also calls for U. N. control limited to the Holy Places, provides for representation on the U. N. body of the principal interested faiths—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Greek Orthodox, and Moslem —and makes the authority directly responsible to the Security Council. This last provision should allay any justified fears for the safety of the Holy Places on the part of the Vatican or other religious bodies.

Since Israel has in its memorandum reserved the right to amend or enlarge upon its own proposal, we can reasonably hope that it will incorporate these useful provisions. In any case, if the United States delegation will adopt the principle of international control limited to the Holy Places, as outlined in both plans, it can be assured of the support of a substantial body of independent liberal and religious opinion. This was clearly indicated by the impressive list of persons, many of them Protestant leaders, who signed the Curatorship Plan, representing in large part groups not previously involved in the Palestine fight. We strongly urge the President and State Department to press for this plan as the most just and effective means of ending the destructive controversy over Jerusalem.

*

SOME NORTH CAROLINIANS BELIEVE THAT Senator Graham would not have been forced into a run-off primary if the Supreme Court had not just handed down its unanimous indictment of Jim Crow. The theory is that Willis Smith, Graham's closest rival in last month's four-way race for the Democratic senatorial nomination, saw a good opportunity in the resentment which the court's opinion may have stirred up among white-supremacists and therefore exercised his right to demand a showdown vote on the twenty-fourth of this month. If this is so, many of Senator Graham's supporters would still think the judicial victory worth the price, even if he is defeated, and historically they would be right. But that is very far from saying that North Carolina, or the country for that matter, can readily afford to lose him as a Senator, or that any such price is necessary. Aside from having been ill during much of the initial campaign, in which he failed by a bare 13,000 votes to win a majority over Smith, "Buncombe Bob" Reynolds, and a pig farmer of very dubious attainments, Graham has been too gentle and too decent by nature to engage in the dirty fighting practiced by his opponents. Smith, the most respectable of these, has used all the techniques that served Smathers so well in his fight to grab Pepper's senatorial seat in Florida and added a few disreputable tricks of his own. The hope is that even those voters who are disturbed over the court's blow to segregation will

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realize that the decision was far too historic to be affected by the election of a Senator and that to replace a man of Graham's stature with a pigmy would be to sacrifice sense to spite. Dr. Graham has been an honor to North Carolina in the Senate, and the state can only do itself credit by leaving him there.

*

THE REPUBLICAN SENATE LEADERS' OFFER TO adjourn Congress early in August if Democrats would confine the "major" legislative program to five bills means that the G. O. P. sees no chance of getting through some pet measures of Republicans and Southern Democrats—the "states rights'" tidelands-oil bill, the Mundt-Ferguson Communist-registration bill, and the Donnell bill to outlaw railroad strikes. That is about the best that can be said for the Taft-Wherry program, which includes taxes and appropriations, another vote on the FEPC bill, extension of the draft, and a chance for the G. O. P. to attack the reciprocal-trade-pact policy. Acceptance of the proposal by the Administration would apparently mean shelving the Alaska and Hawaii statehood resolutions and even a "trial run" Brannan Plan farm bill and aid-to-education bill. The only tax bill likely to pass in the limited time would be one cutting excise levies without substituting other sources of revenue. Practically speaking, some of the shelved measures might not be passed if Congress stayed in session until Christmas, but the Democratic leadership has an obligation to renew the fight for substantial parts of the program, and in a showdown the Administration might win, just as it won a partial success on extending rent controls. The record of the Eighty-first Congress is already considerably better than that of its predecessor, but time and work will be required to complete its job and to pass sound appropriation and tax bills instead of the revenue-cutting and "meat-ax" economy measures preferred by the House. It is natural for Democrats, as well as Republicans, to want to escape the Washington heat and get along with their political campaigns at home, but the best talking point for Democratic candidates will be a good record in the present session of Congress.

*

DEPARTING FROM THE CURRENT FASHION of harrying the so-called "left," a special House committee investigating lobbying has been digging into the affairs of three noisome organizations at the opposite end of the political spectrum. The change in the wind is refreshing, but however repugnant the objects of the probe—and few could be more repugnant than Merwin K. Hart, Edward A. Rumely, and Joseph P. Kamp—the scope and procedures of the committee raise some extremely difficult questions. Its chairman, Representative Buchanan (D., Pa.) says "Congress is

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entitled to know which financial interests are back of attempts to influence public opinion and legislation." As to legislation, there is no question. That is a matter of law. When it comes to curbs on influencing public opinion, however, there is a very real danger to the constitutional freedoms of press and speech, and this is no less true because such objection is being raised by certain Congressmen whose careers have been one long expression of contempt for the Bill of Rights. What complicates the present case is that the organizations under investigation have been engaged in both lobbying and the dissemination of propaganda. A good deal of their income, moreover, comes from big business corporations which have been buying up enormous quantities of their literature, especially the ravings of John T. Flynn. Buchanan has asked for the names of these quantity purchasers, as well as the outright contributors, and Kamp and Rumely have courted contempt proceedings by refusing on the ground that the committee exceeded its authority. Dr. Barsky and his associates of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee are in jail at this moment for having taken a similar stand before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Will Representatives Cox, Hoffman, and Brown, who are raging at the actions of the Buchanan committee, demand the freeing of the leftists? Not a chance. But that does not lessen the obligation on Congress as a whole, and on the federal courts, to mark out the proper bounds of Congressional inquiry and lay down procedures in keeping with the rights of individuals under the Constitution.

*

MORE THAN TWO MONTHS AGO THE HEAD of the California Department of Employment called attention to the seriousness of the unemployment problem in agriculture and warned against the recruitment of additional farm workers for the glutted labor market. Yet on May 2 an A. P. dispatch announced that Max M. Garcia, claiming to represent a Salinas, California, cooperative, was sailing on that day from Honolulu with 62 Filipinos who had been recruited for employment and that he would return soon for additional men. On May 17 another A. P. dispatch from Honolulu announced that Joe Antenorciuz, recruiting agent for the Salinas Valley Growers and Shippers Association, was sailing on that date with 300 Filipinos bound for the Salinas lettuce industry. The recruits, the story stated, had signed two-year employment contracts with rates of 80 cents an hour. That contract labor should be recruited in the Hawaiian Islands for employment in California when the employment department has warned that no jobs are available will not be strange intelligence to those familiar with the dizzy whirligig that is the California farm-labor racket.

The McCarthy Blight

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

PERHAPS Senator McCarthy is teaching us a necessary lesson. As a people we have been innocent long enough, regarding as fantastic the notion that we, like Germans or Russians or Argentines, could be governed by the power of slander and denunciation. Today the informer, having been used too freely by the law and so given audience and respectability, is turning on the law, his unproved charges spread on the record, countered only by the denials even from high officials of the government itself.

The slanders are broadcast across the world, expanding as they go, obliterating or contorting the facts, while honest citizens, worried by the insecurity of the times, flounder helplessly in their effort to find the truth. The slander-mongers move from invention to invention. Their victims pile up behind them, many almost forgotten except that an uneasy doubt remains attached to the names, perhaps forever, for how can an innocent person disprove a privileged statement charging him with having unlawfully passed a paper, or having believed in communism? He can only enlist his friends, if he has friends with sufficient courage, to say, "It cannot be true; he is not that sort of man." But words will not give him back his good name. Even if he is an official with the weight of a government department behind him, suspicion will hang over him, and in the end, perhaps against the wish and conscience of his superiors, he is likely to lose his job; but the crime committed against him—for morally it is a crime of superlative nastiness—will have been legally sanctified by official privilege.

This is McCarthyism. This is the means by which a handful of men, disguised as hunters of subversion, cynically subvert the instruments of justice and hold up to contempt the government itself in order to help their own political fortunes. Their maneuvers have been aided by the general fear of Communist infection and by the knowledge that genuine agents of Russia have been caught—though in no case through their efforts. But these facts only make the methods of McCarthy and his backers more contemptible. For they are willing to use the fears of the public and the real dangers that exist to lend plausibility to their least convincing allegations, while at the same time they undermine public confidence in the official agencies responsible for security.

The *Amerasia* case is the latest demonstration staged by McCarthyism. It was a good case to choose, for it had substance in actual offenses committed and court actions taken. In two articles, this week and last, in *The Nation* our Washington editor has reviewed and analyzed the case in considerable detail. On the question of the gov-

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ernment's handling of the case, his conclusions conform in general with those announced last week by the federal grand jury in New York: namely, that the charge of an Administration whitewash is unfounded, that there is no evidence of any attempt to shield the State Department from the exposure of embarrassing facts, no improper action or failure to act on the part of the Department of Justice.

In normal circumstances the grand jury's action would probably bring the *Amerasia* inquiry to an end. But obviously the circumstances are not normal. The question of the actual guilt or innocence of the defendants is still a matter of debate, and the leak of the secret testimony of one of the defendants, Emmanuel S. Larsen, before the Tydings committee, has opened immense new areas for exploitation. From here on, the strictly legal aspects of the case will be overshadowed by the "revelations" of the one man among the accused who admittedly passed classified documents to the editor of *Amerasia.*

Larsen is a fine witness for McCarthy. He freely spills confessions, opinions, and wild guesses; mingles known facts with barefaced inventions; launches unsubstantiated charges, naming names. Although Andrew Roth had been cleared and the case against him dropped for lack of evidence, Larsen now testifies that he is convinced "Roth is a Communist, and is the principal conspirator in this case." Having tossed off this shocking accusation, Larsen offers no proof whatsoever. Instead, according to the Associated Press report, he merely said that he based this "belief" on Roth's "presence right now with Ho Chi Minh, the Communist leader of Indo-China." It will scarcely disconcert either Mr. Larsen or Senator McCarthy to learn that Mr. Roth is "right now" in Western Europe, but for others it may be a useful test of this new set of charges. As for Roth's alleged leading role as "conspirator," it is worth recalling that he could not be shown to have transmitted a single document, while Larsen passed hundreds of them.

Again we are faced by a shocking example of slander masked as testimony, protected by privilege, and broadcast as fact. Andrew Roth is only one in the long roster of McCarthy victims, but because he is a staff contributor of this journal we are better able than in most other instances to weigh the value of the case against him. The distance which separates him from Ho Chi Minh would serve, in our opinion, to measure the remoteness from truth of the other charges made by Larsen. As far as *The Nation* is concerned, Roth is innocent; and that stands until proof to the contrary is brought forward. But our confidence in him is not enough to clear his name or establish the facts. Like the other victims of the McCarthy slander technique, he will remain under a cloud until some impartial body reviews the evidence.

The federal grand jury, in its statement absolving the government of improper conduct in the *Amerasia* case, urged further investigation to establish the facts behind the legal procedures. It also declared itself dissatisfied with existing security provisions and espionage laws. So general is the feeling of unfinished business in relation to this case, and so great is the suspicion on all sides, that it cannot now be dropped. Senator Tydings has promised that his committee will continue the inquiry and come up with a complete and convincing report, but twenty-one Republican Senators have demanded that the job be turned over to the Judiciary Committee. In our opinion the case should now be removed from Congressional consideration altogether, and put in the hands of a non-political, non-partisan committee of eminent citizens who would be asked to pass on all the facts available. Only by some such drastic action as this can the atmosphere be cleared of hate and our democratic processes rescued from the blight of McCarthyism.

Reactions to the Schuman Plan

A Socialist Answer

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

London, June 15

THE British government this week has found itself thrust into the international dog-house, denounced on all sides as the doctrinaire, isolationist saboteur of European unity. It is in this unenviable position partly as a result of the infernally clever tactics of French Foreign Minister Schuman, partly because of its own lack of finesse and poor sense of timing. Prime Minister Attlee's firm but conciliatory explanation of his government's inability to accept the French terms for participation in the Schuman Plan conference would have caused little outcry if the Labor Party Executive had not chosen this exact moment to publish its foreign-policy statement, which gave joy to anti-Socialists everywhere.

The Schuman Plan, it will be remembered, was sprung on the world early in May, just before the Atlantic Pact conference. There had been no prior conversations between the French and British governments, but there is reason to believe that the proposals were not a surprise to Chancellor Adenauer. The plan has been advertised as a means of ending the economic

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rivalries between France and Germany, thereby laying the foundation for closer political cooperation. But because the deal would have been immediately suspect had it been confined to French and German heavy industries, Schuman announced that membership in the proposed steel-and-coal authority would be open to all. From his point of view and that of the great French and German industrialists this gave the scheme a kind of two-way stretch. If Britain, now the largest and most efficient steel producer in Europe, joined, it would be conforming to the wishes of the Franco-German group, which would then have had the commanding position on the new authority; if Britain balked, it could be execrated as anti-European, French leadership would be reaffirmed, and the integrated industries of the Ruhr and Lorraine would be in a good position to deal with British competition.

Conscious that he had strong cards, Schuman adopted a take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward London. He presented the British government with a draft communiqué the text of which had already been agreed to by Adenauer, and insisted that it be accepted as the basis for further negotiations. The document declared that the several governments were "resolved to carry out common action aiming at peace, solidarity, and economic and social progress by pooling their coal and steel production and by the institution of a new, higher authority" whose decisions would be binding on the signatory nations. British attempts to obtain a modification of this text were cut short on June 1 with what was in effect a French ultimatum.

Britons are not easily persuaded to buy a pig in a poke, particularly a pig of such protean possibilities as the Schuman Plan. The British government's refusal to commit itself "to certain principles without knowing how they would work out in practice" was approved by most of the people in this country. For the pledge sought by the French involved an undertaking to surrender sovereignty in the vital fields of economics and politics to an international body in advance of any understanding about its constitution, operative powers, responsibilities, or methods of appointment.

On the other hand, a good many Britons think it a pity that the early reactions of the government to the plan were so cautiously negative. It would have been better, they suggest, to have accepted the broad idea of the integration of heavy industry while firmly announcing British views on the preconditions for success. Thus the *New Statesman and Nation* for June 10 argued that by standing on the sidelines the British government had left the initiative to the "unholy alliance of the Vatican and the heavy industrialists of the Ruhr and the Comité des Forges." What was needed was an alternative British plan to which the Socialist trade-union forces of Western Europe could rally. However, the delicacy of this job is illustrated by the furor created by the statement on European unity of the Labor Party's National Executive, which, although it did not present detailed plans for the integration of basic industries, did indicate the kind of scheme labor here and in Europe could accept.

It is important to note that this statement, drawn up by the National Executive's subcommittee on international affairs, was not intended primarily as a commentary on the Schuman Plan: in fact, the discussions on which it was based were begun long before the French Foreign Minister dropped his bombshell, and the few vaguely complimentary but noncommittal references to the scheme were inserted at a late stage. The main object of the statement was "to define more clearly both the purposes of European cooperation and the form of unity which its purpose must impose." As to the first, the Labor Party believes that the most immediate objectives are the achievement of solidarity in the face of Soviet expansion and the early bridging of the dollar gap. In regard to the second point, the statement, while not dismissing the possibility of the ultimate transfer of national sovereignties, asserts that at present greater progress can be made by pursuing cooperation between responsible governments than by attempting to create supra-national authorities. That is to say, it prefers to use the approach that has proved successful in Commonwealth affairs.

The chief reproach hurled against the Labor Party is that in the statement it insists on discussing the problems of European unity in terms of Socialist solutions. But what else can an avowedly Socialist Party do without stultifying itself? At least it can, and has, put forward strong arguments to support its view that if European unity is attempted on the basis of laissez faire capitalism, the upshot will be a softening of national rivalries at the cost of a hardening of class divisions. One great obstacle to unity suggested by the statement is the disparity in social standards between one country and another. Hence it urges the Assembly of the Council of Europe to concentrate on a consideration of ways and means of promoting full employment and raising the standards of social justice instead of continuing "to juggle with projects of constitutional engineering."

The question is: can joint planning designed to secure full employment and fairer division of wealth be achieved while basic industries remain in the hands of private persons who are bound to make profit-seeking their primary objective? How much positive ability to guide development can the proposed Schuman authority have so long as private ownership continues? It may be able to restrain investment, but will it be able to force increases in investment when the public interest demands that? Already the steel magnates of Europe

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are talking of the dangers of over-expansion, although the Continent's steel consumption is very low compared to that of the United States. Can it be doubted that if control of these basic industries is not transferred, the proposed grandiose authority will be used to provide cover for a resurrected cartel? It is questions like these that the Labor Party National Executive has raised—perhaps rather inopportunely from the point of view of the Labor government, which is not the same thing, although the two bodies overlap to some extent. They are questions that eventually must be answered satisfactorily, for until they are, workers' organizations on the Continent, like those in Britain, will not be prepared to give the cooperation which is a vital necessity if economic integration is to be achieved.

June 19

THE conference of Socialist representatives from ten European countries that took place here this weekend should help lay some dust raised by the Labor Party's "Socialist unity" statement. There appears to have been frank speaking at this closed meeting, with the French and Dutch delegates particularly critical. Their point was that their British colleagues approached the question of European integration in too negative a spirit: instead of seizing on the Schuman Plan as a scheme with hopeful possibilities they had emphasized the dangers. The French Socialists are fully aware of those dangers, but they believe that they can be overcome provided Britain participates and gives a strong lead. The alternative they fear is a partial integration of Europe based on an alliance of four powers, all with Catholic-party governments more or less committed to laissez faire policies—France, Western Germany, Italy, and Belgium.

The conference declaration reconciles Anglo-French differences to a considerable extent. It starts off with a warm welcome to the Schuman proposals, accepting at face value the author's claims that it will lead to higher standards of living and expansion of employment. But it goes on to outline the conditions necessary to achieve these purposes in language similar to that of the Labor Party statement. There must be full participation of trade unions to insure that standards are leveled up; to promote a growing demand for steel there must be a planned expansion of investment both in Europe and in the underdeveloped overseas countries; the essential principles of democratic control must be safeguarded; the governments joining in the plan must "accept responsibility for implementing within their own countries decisions made under any international arrangement." In other words, they must adopt whatever curbs on private industry are required.

A European coal-and-steel authority, the declaration continues, if not based on an expanding demand that would maintain full employment, "would quickly develop all the characteristics of a restrictive private cartel" and rightly provoke resistance by the workers. On the other hand, if the principles formulated by this declaration are adopted, it will "be worthy of the enthusiastic support of European Socialists." Thus while this joint statement omits any bald insistence on socialization as a condition precedent to adoption of the Schuman Plan, it suggests terms incompatible with the unrestricted private ownership of European steel industries.

Nationalism Revived

BY CAROLUS

Frankfurt, June 12

UNTIL November of last year the dearest wish of Dr. Adenauer and his bosses, the Ruhr and Rhineland industrialists and bankers, was to create a Continental economic bloc which would enable German heavy industry to escape the consequences of losing the war and with the help of American capital regain its former dominant position in the French-German-Belgian-Luxembourg iron-and-steel trust. Suddenly, two days before the London conference opened, Schuman disclosed his plan for pooling the coal and iron production, first of France and Germany, and later of all four countries. Adenauer and the German burghers, their throats still hoarse from singing patriotic songs, were delighted. A few days later Reynaud, the unlucky French Prime Minister of 1941, just back from a trip to the United States, visited Bonn, in a wholly private capacity of course, on no official business whatever. The clever and close-mouthed Monnet followed, and from the Seine to the Rhine a subservient press hailed the new Europe. If this union had been achieved twenty years ago it might have made Wilson's dream for Europe come true and have saved the peoples of this unhappy Continent from a second world war. Today in the rump Europe left by the cold war it seems more like a gift brought by Greeks, which will cause new and greater misfortunes.

German heavy industry would be the chief beneficiary of a Continental economic union. An end would be made to reparations, dismantlings, and limitations on production. Foreign capital, new machinery, foreign orders for arms and peace-time goods would serve as a blood transfusion. All worry about markets in the West would be dispelled, while the flourishing clandestine trade with the East would continue. The danger of nationalization, for which the people are clamoring with growing violence, would be averted; the demands of the workers to participate in the management of trade and industry could be disregarded. Freed of all restrictions, German industry would rapidly outstrip its competitors, and Germany would soon dominate

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Western Europe economically and politically; the evidence is in the book of history—one need only turn to the story of the last thirty, or even the last three, years. No wonder Krupp, Thyssen, Klöckner, Mannesmann, I. G. Farben, and other big concerns are jubilant! No wonder the working class, organized labor, and the Social Democratic Party are skeptical: will this new European supertrust, they ask, draw Germany automatically into the Atlantic Pact and force its remilitarization?

A Continental economic bloc—the phrase is an ominous reminder of Napoleon's Continental System, directed against England, which partly explains the cold shoulder turned by London. The British trade unions have protested because in their view the Schuman-Adenauer project is not only a threat to the British economy and British exports but an attack on the Labor government and its social and economic achievements.

"We have taken sides with the West, and we must join this European economic union in order to throw the weight of Germany in the international scales on the side of peace," declared Adenauer at a recent press conference. In the midst of a cold war, with peace hanging by a thread, with the Russian army an overpowering threat to a rump Europe, Moscow cannot but regard a Continental industrial pool, supported and directed by the United States, as a challenge; and the international crisis will inevitably be sharpened. The weight of Germany will be thrown on the side not of peace but of war if German heavy industry succeeds in carrying out its plans. World peace depends on a united Europe, and eventually Europe *will* be united, but not until the East is included. Yet Eastern Europe today is as dependent on Russia as Western Europe is on the United States. A European Federation can come into being only when Russia and the United States are willing and can reach an agreement about it. Whoever revives German militarism and with it German nationalism, whoever wants to use German divisions, must also accept a German armament industry and all its consequences—a divided Germany, a divided Europe, and a divided world.

The "Amerasia" Case, II

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, June 19

THE *Amerasia* case was a nasty incident. Hundreds of government documents, papers, and summaries or paraphrases of papers were found in the *Amerasia* office. Certain aspects of the case have never been cleared up, but the facts obtainable show no justification for the accusations of a Justice Department "fix" or whitewash and an alleged pro-Communist State Department bloc which "sold out" Chiang Kai-shek.

But the uproar that has developed is simply McCarthyism. It is compounded of McCarthy and his private investigators, and Senator Wherry trying to bolster up McCarthy, and the special New York grand jury clearing the Justice Department, and the McCarthyites instantly getting a statement from the grand-jury foreman to give them a basis for continuing the clamor. Although the jury was stirred up by McCarthyism and "ran away" on a new investigation, its official report underscored what was stated after the original Congressional investigation four and a half years ago—that no evidence of espionage was ever found in the *Amerasia* case and that no blame attached to the Justice Department's conduct of the case.

Three of the persons arrested—Kate Mitchell, co-editor of *Amerasia*, John Stewart Service, a State Department official, and Mark Gayn, a reporter specializing in Far Eastern affairs—were not indicted by a grand jury. Why not? Because, although all three waived immunity and were cross-examined before the grand jury without presence of counsel by Justice Department prosecutors, not even twelve of twenty grand jurors would vote true bills against them.

The report of the Hobbs committee, which investigated the case four years ago, points out that waiver of immunity forced these three persons to submit to preliminary cross-examination, a procedure which frequently enables the prosecution "to make out a stronger case than could be established otherwise." All three were questioned "at length." The secret transcript of proceedings was available to the Hobbs committee, and its report says the evidence was "ably presented"—not bungled. In short, the grand jury decided there was no criminal case against the three.

Andrew Roth, then an officer in Naval Intelligence, now a staff contributor of *The Nation*, was indicted with Philip Jaffe, editor of *Amerasia*, and Emmanuel Sigurd Larsen, a State Department employee, on charges of conspiring to steal government documents. The case against Roth was dismissed after Jaffe had pleaded guilty and paid a $2,500 fine and Larsen had pleaded no contest and paid $500. Roth had worked for Jaffe before the war, and papers were found in the *Amerasia* office by FBI agents which were identified as in Roth's handwriting. They were not naval documents but copies of official papers concerning political affairs in India.

Independent investigation by this reporter has es-

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tablished two facts. First, there is no evidence to show that Roth gave Jaffe the originals of the papers identified as being copies in Roth's handwriting, and there is strong evidence to indicate that he did not. Second, the flow of material from the Office of Naval Intelligence to the *Amerasia* office, with the possible exception of one document, stopped abruptly on September 1, 1944—the date when Larsen himself left Naval Intelligence to go to the State Department. Roth remained in the office for several months longer, but *Amerasia* got no more papers after Larsen departed. The last fact was given the Tydings committee by Robert M. Hitchcock, special prosecutor in the *Amerasia* affair. The case against Roth was dismissed in 1945 after his counsel had obtained a court order directing the government to specify what papers, if any, he was accused of conspiring to take.

LARSEN, it became known last Saturday, told the Tydings committee that he considered Roth the "real Communist" in the *Amerasia* case. Yet he admitted that he had no evidence to offer to the Justice Department when he was interviewed after disposition of his own case in 1945. And he admitted he had still no evidence. When he told his tale to the Tydings committee he talked about Roth's alleged "presence right now" with Ho Chi Minh, the Vietnam Communist leader. It happens that Roth "right now," as at the moment of Larsen's testimony, is in Europe—not with Ho Chi Minh. Larsen has told strange tales on several occasions—before the Hobbs committee and in a magazine article printed under his name—and later repudiated the stories. He is one former government official who undoubtedly passed documents to Jaffe, but he vastly prefers to shift the blame elsewhere.

Jaffe and Larsen are supposed to have been let off lightly because Frank Brooks Bielaski, an OSS security officer, raided the *Amerasia* office without a search warrant. It has been argued recently by Mr. Bielaski that the war-time OSS could make its own rules and that for various technical reasons documents seized in the Bielaski raid could be used in evidence despite the lack of a search warrant. But the findings of a Rhode Island grand jury in 1940 suggest that Bielaski may not be an expert on what does or does not constitute legal evidence. Employed by Governor William H. Vanderbilt of Rhode Island, Bielaski, then a private detective, and his agents tapped the wires of the state attorney general and a city official and turned in a report which charged, among other things, illegal sales of city property. The grand jury denounced the report as "hearsay" and said that the misappropriation of property had not in fact taken place and that Bielaski's agents could "with slight effort have determined the truth." In scathing language it condemned the "surreptitious practices" of "Mr. Bielaski and others" and their attempt to scare citizens by threatening to expose their private lives.

The Justice Department may have been led to make its deals with Jaffe and Larsen by another fact. On September 28, 1945, Larsen filed an affidavit in federal court charging illegal search of his living quarters, supporting the charge with testimony that his apartment-house manager had admitted government agents with a duplicate key. Independent investigation shows that Jaffe's lawyer was in Washington waiting to discuss the case at the time that the government lawyers learned of the Larsen affidavit. Immediately afterward the prosecutors agreed to recommend only a fine, not a jail sentence, if Jaffe changed his plea from not guilty to guilty. The inference is not unwarranted, surely, that the prosecution feared the case against Jaffe and Larsen would collapse.

As to the documents that were reported to describe a "bomb plan" for Japan and the location of Japanese fleet units after the Battle of Leyte, the Hobbs committee hearings reveal that these papers were seized in the "close-to-midnight" Bielaski raid, and that FBI and Criminal Division lawyers agreed they could not be used in evidence. The FBI did not even give them to prosecutors before the Hobbs inquiry. James P. McGranery, then a prosecutor and now a federal judge, told the committee the papers were "of no value to us." Myron Gurnea, the FBI agent in charge of the investigation, testified, "We realized that these documents did not have any value as far as evidence was concerned." James M. McInerney, now chief of the Criminal Division, said, "We had no contact with the OSS. We were hoping that we could legalize" the case by FBI searches and seizures.

Manifestly Jaffe had no business with any such papers. He had no business with another paper, seized by the FBI, paraphrasing Under Secretary of State Grew's comments to a group of people about the number of American submarines that were sinking Japanese shipping in one area. His possession of them could not be justified by the fact, which might have been offered in the case of political material, that as an editor he needed authoritative information. But the papers seized by the OSS could not be used in court, and there is not a line of testimony in the published Hobbs committee transcript to connect any of the defendants with the stealing of any of these papers. The FBI apparently was not able to tie any government officials to them—by typewriter, handwriting, or fingerprints.

Now let us take up the charges that a pro-Communist State Department group, basely determined to sabotage Chiang Kai-shek, was involved in the *Amerasia* case. So far as I can discover, this thesis originated in the October, 1946, issue of the magazine *Plain Talk*, in an article about "espionage" signed by Emmanuel

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Sigurd Larsen, the *Amerasia* defendant who pleaded no contest after arranging with Jaffe to pay his fine and court costs. Almost every line since printed by newspapers which argue that Chiang's fall was due to State Department "plotters" rather than to his own weakness is an echo of this Larsen piece.

And who polished up and redrafted and shifted the emphasis of the article represented in type as Larsen's? According to Larsen's sworn testimony before the Tydings committee, the piece was rewritten by *Plain Talk's* editors, including Isaac Don Levine. It was not Larsen but the editors who initiated the whole ugly business of rumors about a "major operation" performed on Uncle Sam to change China policy, and about a pro-Communist State Department group which plotted for Russia's benefit and forced out Under Secretary Grew. Grew has denied the innuendo so far as it affects himself, and Larsen swore to the Tydings committee that the article which finally appeared in *Plain Talk* bore no recognizable relation to what he had originally written. He initialed the redraft after some objection, he said, because he needed the money promised him for the article.

Plain Talk has regularly echoed the views of Alfred Kohlberg, the New York importer of Chinese textiles who has long complained about our China policy and attacked Owen Lattimore and other current victims of McCarthyism. The decision of some State Department officials that Chiang was a bad bet is hardly evidence of their improper motives.

The uproar about *Amerasia* is a political and journalistic disgrace. Who is supposed to have "fixed" the case? Not President Truman, for the President telephoned the FBI agent in charge and told him to proceed despite a request for delay by the late Secretary Forrestal. Not the State Department, for Acting Secretary Grew and Assistant Secretary Holmes went to the White House to protest against any postponement. Not the FBI, surely, or the prosecutors, who had direct orders to proceed. Not Sam Hobbs, who is smart enough to smell a "fix" when he interrogates FBI agents and prosecutors and reads grand-jury transcripts.

The cure for what happened in the *Amerasia* case is to recognize that in this particular matter the investigators helped blow up the prosecution and that our laws protecting government papers were, and still are, lax. This is what the Hobbs committee reported; this is what the Tydings committee should report. We need an Official Secrets Act carefully enough drafted to protect legitimate classified material without depriving the public of the facts it must have to judge policy.

The Lovers of Gain

BY KAY BOYLE

THE days in Germany were like the days in no other country, there to be breathed into being as one might might breathe into the lips and nostrils of the dead. The hours of them seemed suspended, perhaps brought to a halt by the monumental rubble, but halted so long ago that it could no longer be recalled in what month, or year, or even in what lifetime, their sequence had reached this pause. Perhaps the bleak Teutonic twilight had set in as the reverberations of the final bomb faded to silence in the ruins, thought Mrs. Furley as she walked through the American commissary door. Perhaps the meaning of night and day, of summer and winter, of peace and war, had been lost to this country in the instant when hope of German victory died.

But once you stepped from the German city street and into the commissary, here, for better or worse, was the look of home. Metal push-wagons waited in a double row in the overheated entrance way, as they waited in the chain stores of any stateside city you might name. Mrs. Furley showed her identification to the German girl seated at the desk and picked up a meat number, and then she moved on with the others, as she had day after day of the year that had just elapsed: moved on with the young women in their saddle shoes and bobby socks, pushing her wagon as they pushed theirs before them, moved into the thick of it with the matrons, the teen-age girls, the displaced grandmothers, some of them newly come from the states, who clung to the handles of their vehicles as if to the last remaining vestiges of a civilization they had always known. Scattered among them moved the men in uniform, the corporals, the staff sergeants, the lieutenants, the captains, the majors and colonels even, pushing their wagons as carefully as if babies rode in them, while they studied the lists their wives had written out.

On the shelves which lined and bisected the vast low hall were stacked the familiar cans and bottles—the names of Campbell, and Heinz, and Van Camp, and Armour, and Kellogg, to reassure the exiled, and beans and pancakes illustrated in color so that the fears of the lost and the bewildered might be allayed. But here the likeness to home came to an end, for nothing else was

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quite the same. Behind the vegetable counter, as behind the illuminated cases of meat, there were Germans, some lean and bespectacled and professorial, their natural habitat a laboratory or a lecture hall, and others solid and blond and canny-eyed, and still others as delicate-featured and long-haired as poets, all wearing the long, white chain-store dress. And the voice was German which pronounced the meat numbers slowly, painfully, through the microphone, saying: "Dirty, dirty, blease." Having drawn number sixty-one, Mrs. Furley pushed her wagon toward the corner where oranges and apples, and potatoes and cabbages, lay in refrigerated bins, their paucity enhanced by mirrors set above them all along the walls. And here one slender German poet came to life at Mrs. Furley's approach. She saw him slipping quickly through the other white-robed salesmen, maneuvering himself into position until only the bare wood of the counter lay between him and the American woman who had lived in Paris too.

"*Bon jour, Madame,*" he would say in a low voice to her, as he stood putting his dark hair back with his black-rimmed fingers, a shy and tender look of yearning come into his eyes. "*Je suis* contented," he would say. He was no older than twenty-three or twenty-four, but, dressed up as a soldier in the Wehrmacht, he had occupied Paris with the others, and he liked to speak of the parks, and the avenues, and the monuments of a city that was never his, his voice lingering on the music of their names. "*Champs Elysées, Champs de Mars, l'Arc de Triomphe,*" was one of the lines of poetry he recited to Mrs. Furley through the summer as he weighed the melons and tomatoes from Italy; or "*Place de Panthéon, Place de la Concorde, Boulevard Saint-Michel,*" he would say as he weighed the celery from New Jersey or the endives from Holland in the winter time. But this time he said: "You did not come for one week. *Vous n'êtes pas venoo pour un semaine.*"

"Dirty-von, dirty-doo, dirty-tree, blease," said the voice from the meat counter, speaking through the microphone.

"Because I went to Paris for a week," said Mrs. Furley, and his eyes went dark with wonder in his eager face. (Once he had said to her that there were things which had disappointed him in Paris. The *métros* were not kept clean, for instance, not as clean as the *S-bahn* in Berlin had been, he said. And he had spoken of the Paris pigeons, whose droppings defaced the statues in the public gardens and the elegant façades. "Perhaps the Americans could tell the French to keep things cleaner," he had tried saying to her, smiling shyly.) "I brought you some cigarettes from Paris," she said to him now, and as he passed the five-pound paper sack of Idaho potatoes across the counter to her, she put the packet of *Bleues* into his hand.

OR THERE was the one she had come to call Philip Morris, because that was the brand of cigarettes he preferred. He had been three years a prisoner of war in England, and now his work was to roll the three-tiered carriers of bottled Danish milk in, rattling and clanking from the stockroom, and as fast as the refrigerating-unit shelves were emptied he would stack them full again. He was a man of fifty or more, Philip Morris, with a weary-lidded eye and a distinguished, high-bridged nose. His jowls were always clean-shaven, the English he spoke was public-school, and it would have seemed more fitting had he stood at the head of an operating table instead of trundling the milk carriers in his long, white surgeon's gown. He had spoken first of his insurance policy to Mrs. Furley, citing clauses which had been inserted, he said, in flagrant defiance of Occupation directives. He had even suggested that the matter be brought to the attention of the decartelization branch, for the Germans, certain Germans, would be up to anything, he inferred, once the backs of the democratic and the just were turned. And another time he had spoken of Nietzsche to her, and once in a while of Schopenhauer; and on this occasion he opened the door of the refrigerating unit, as if drawing back a chair at a dinner table so that she might take her place among the enlightened who were already seated, and he spoke Plato's name.

"You will recall Plato's assertion that there are three classes of men," he said, and he selected the milk bottles for her from among those standing, long-necked and iced, upon the slatted shelves. "He defined them as the lovers of wisdom, the lovers of honor, and the lovers of gain," he said, as he set the bottles carefully in her wagon, side by side with the Super-Suds, and the Crisco, and the Rowntree Cocoa cans. "The lovers of wisdom," he said, his weary but masterful eyes on Mrs. Furley, "have been forgotten. They have not been called to the council tables but are serving in menial positions in every fallen state. I study the faces of the men and the women who come through these doors, and it is not difficult to classify them. The lovers of wisdom are rarely observed among them," he said, and he closed the refrigerator door.

"And what of the lovers of honor?" said Mrs. Furley,

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and the voice at the microphone said, "Fourteen-sex, fourteen-seben, fourteen-ocht," while the bobby-socks wives, and the soldiers, and the grandmothers moved forward in formation, pushing their burdened wagons as they came. "There are lovers of honor among them," Mrs. Furley said.

"Plato referred to the warriors when he spoke of the lovers of honor," explained the man she called Philip Morris. "But the warriors are no longer the lovers of honor," he said, and he fixed the soldiers now with his cynic's gray eye. "The warriors are dead. They died in two world wars. Those who remain are the barterers. They know the price of coffee and cocoa and sugar and flour in a defeated country"; and beyond him the corporals and sergeants, the captains and majors, oblivious of the classification they had been given, moved, one behind the other, toward the frozen meat, the lists their wives had written out for them held submissively in their hands.

"Won't you have a Philip Morris?" said Mrs. Furley, as she had said it week in and week out to him in the twelve months that had passed. And although he seemed to have no great interest in it, he selected first one cigarette and then a second from the pack she held out to him; and he placed them with care in the monogrammed silver case which he carried, with his pince-nez, in the pocket of his long, white surgeon's gown.

THE numbers fifty-two and three and four were called aloud now, and Mrs. Furley wheeled her wagon toward the shelves of Jack Frost sugars and Crosse and Blackwell jams. And there a little woman with loose, white, flying hair and a ravaged face swept quickly, belligerently, with a broom made in Missouri, at the commissary boards. The first thing she said was that she needed help, saying it in German under her breath to Mrs. Furley, but the plea already soured in her mouth, knowing there was no way for help to come.

"It's my husband. They put him in jail last night," she said, the tongue wagging, the broom sweeping, and the wild eye after it in pursuit while the tatters and remnants of the story fluttered on the air. "They oughtn't to lay their hands on him, the German police, as long as he's working for the Amis, but they picked him right up off the street and put him in jail!" She had been a beer-hall singer, a cabaret artist, she had once told Mrs. Furley; in the early twenties she had danced the can-can for beer-hall drinkers in Berlin. "Maybe if an Ami went and spoke to the German police, they'd let him out," she said, not looking at Mrs. Furley, while the broom swept savagely across the boards. "He was walking along the street last night, and there, *Herr Gott*, was a man he hadn't seen in six long years, a man he wouldn't forget in all his life, and my husband went right up to him, and he got hold of him, the way he'd wanted to do for six long years, started shaking and squeezing him, and calling him the only names he deserved!"

Her own throat seemed to choke now, for she could no longer find the breath to speak, and her fingers closed so tightly on the handle of the broom that the bones showed sharp enough to split the skin. "So the crowd that collected around them got hold of the police," she said when she could speak again, and the broom from Missouri swept wildly, crazily, away. "And instead of letting my husband finish the man off the police began beating my husband up, and then they dragged him off to jail. So he'll get the prison term, not the other one he's been seeing for six long years in his nightmares every night," she said.

"But the man—the man he got by the throat—what had he done?" Mrs. Furley asked, and it did not matter if the numbers that were called through the microphone were nearing sixty now.

"So what had he done?" the little woman cried harshly out, and as she whirled in her fury, the broom swept heedlessly across the feet of the lovers of honor or the lovers of gain who were passing, pushing their burdened carts. "So what had he done?" she cried out, her ire rising at the sight of them, for here was a torment, more profound than hunger, which no illicit coffee or cocoa or sugar, and no brand of foreign tobacco, could assuage. "My husband's mother and sister, it was going to be all right for them," she said, her lips drawn back in a grimace from the bad taste in her mouth. "It was fixed up for them to get away. They were going to get to Geneva. That was in 1943. But they were denounced, denounced, denounced!" she cried out in a low voice, not speaking to anyone at all. "That's what that man did, he denounced them. That's all he did, denounced them," she said, and beneath the hem of the chain-store dress her legs had the liveliness and spring still of a dancer's legs who had danced the can-can for beer-hall drinkers in Berlin. "Perhaps if an Ami spoke to the police," she said, and then she seemed suddenly to recognize the folly of calling as witness the humble dead. "You're always looking for Hellman's mayonnaise," she said, sweeping on past the angel food

Drawings by Golden

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and gingerbread mixes, past Aunt Jemima's smiling face. "They got some in this morning, over there with the bottled sauces," she said.

MRS. FURLEY reached the meat counter as the man at the microphone said "Zickstee." He was seated hunched on a high, leather-cushioned stool, with his legs drawn up beneath the white skirt of his dress. He was a small man, and his lips were full and ruby red, and his nose was flamboyantly nostriled, and a nest of tight, black, oily curls clung to the back of his skull. There were curls as well in his outsized ears, and his eyeballs were swollen, as if from a lifetime of falling, burning tears, and the whites of them were bound by scarlet veins. He was singular in that the name of Chesterfield, or Pall Mall, or Camel could not be given to him as to the others, for he had no interest at all in any brand of cigarette, as if by this one gesture of repudiation he cleared himself, and every member of his race, of the charge of barter and venality.

"Zo, hallo," he greeted Mrs. Furley when she paused by the microphone to surrender her number to him, and then he went on talking of the theater to her, for the moment not calling the meat numbers aloud. Before the war, before Hitler's time, he had always worked in the theater, he had told her from the beginning, but it was never made clear in what capacity he had served. "I like the vork in the theater better as vorking here," he would say, with a curved and painful grin stretching his mouth. "I begin vorking in the theater in London. I learn to zpick the langvich there. That vas ober tventy years ago," he would say. And once he had said, "I vork for an American in London, a director-producer, a Jew from New York, a nize Jew," sitting there hunched in his white dress on the stool, smiling his anguished smile at Mrs. Furley.

"Why do you say 'a nice Jew'?" asked Mrs. Furley. "What happened to you that you speak like this?"

But the answer had already been given in the history of the country, and nothing that had been said since had been said with power or passion enough to take that answer away. In concentration camp and out of it he had heard the radio voices and the other voices naming the outcast, heard them year after year and over and over describing the anatomy of evil until he had come to recognize in shame the stigma of his own reflection in the glass.

"Vell, zome Jews nize, zome not zo nize, that's vat they tell me," he had said, still smiling at her, and he had shrugged aside the responsibility for any of it. "Zo, hallo," he said to her now. "You vent to the theater in Paris?"

"I saw a play called 'La Soif,' " said Mrs. Furley. "A play by Bernstein called 'Thirst.' "

"Oh, 'Zirst,' " said the little man on the stool. " 'Zirst,' " he repeated in sudden bewilderment, and the sound of the word was whispered strangely through the microphone, as the voice of an entire people might have whispered it from a vast, still open grave, before those lying in it had expired.

Mrs. Furley walked in past the illuminated cases where slices of beef liver, gray with frost and suitable as tiling with which to roof a house, were spread on platters on display. The hamburger must be chiseled away in icy formations, she knew, and the brook trout pried from the granite block into which their once supple bodies had been frozen fast.

"I think I'll have a leg of mutton today," said Mrs. Furley, and the butcher she had named Lucky Strike peered through his thick-lensed glasses at her, as if studying the angles of a parallelogram.

"How many?" he asked, as he had asked it week after week across the shining counter, with a cook's white cap set gravely on his head.

"Well, I think one will be enough this time," said Mrs. Furley, as she had said it, with patience, all year to him, for it was perhaps the purest logic to believe that, dead or living, a mutton had four legs. "Won't you have a Lucky?" she added, and the German called Lucky Strike brought the pack of them slowly into focus behind his lenses, and then reached out his hand.

PROFESSOR JACQUES MARITAIN, Roman Catholic scholar and former French ambassador to the Holy See, recently wrote a personal letter to the editor of *The Nation* protesting against the inclusion in a promotion circular sent out last February of a statement commending this journal written by him several years ago. He expressed his surprise that we had not realized "that what I wrote *before* the Blanshard articles cannot be used *after* them."

While we are sorry we circulated a comment which no longer represents Professor Maritain's opinion of *The Nation*, we wish to make it perfectly clear that there was nothing deliberate in our action. Certainly there was no intention to embarrass our distinguished former contributor or, even by implication, to misrepresent his attitude toward the Blanshard articles.

His statement was originally written as a testimonial intended for publication and had been used at various times in exactly the way it was used this past February. Our error lay in publishing it after the Blanshard series without seeking to obtain new authorization. As the editor said in a letter to Professor Maritain, we think it wiser that "no one's name should be used in days like these, unless we first check to make sure he is still of the same mind."

This explanation of the facts and of *The Nation's* position has been submitted to Professor Maritain and approved by him.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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Ships, Subsidies, and Scandals

BY ROBERT H. ESTABROOK

Washington, June 14

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S praiseworthy acts are sometimes obscured by the unfortunate results of his extreme loyalty to subordinates. A case in point is his nomination of Major General Philip B. Fleming as Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation. The President made the appointment after the Senate had voted fifty-nine to fourteen to accept the government-reorganization plan abolishing the Maritime Commission, of which General Fleming was chairman. The Senate vote was in effect an expression of no confidence in General Fleming and three of his four colleagues, who were alleged to be playing fast and loose with subsidies to shipping companies. In his new post General Fleming will still have supervision over the subsidy policy of the revamped Maritime Board.

Shipping subsidies have occasioned scandals before now. In 1935 the Black committee placed the blame for the failure of existing laws upon "certain officials who flagrantly betrayed their trust and maladministered those laws" and upon "those individuals who, publicly posing as patriots, prostituted those laws for their own profit."

Under the 1936 Merchant Marine Act which followed the Black investigation a five-man Maritime Commission was established to regulate agreements among ocean steamship lines and to promote a strong merchant marine. The promotional activities soon dwarfed the regulatory. The Maritime Commission has trained merchant seamen and officers, has managed the huge government-owned merchant fleet and chartered and sold ships, and has granted ship-construction and operating subsidies. The theory behind these subsidies has been that higher American construction costs and wage scales make them necessary if American companies are to compete with foreign lines.

Under these circumstances it is perhaps natural that the shipping industry should try to conserve its own capital and get all the government aid it can. What is strange is that a government agency should outdo the industry in advocating bigger and better subsidies. Outright venality on the part of the commission majority is not so much indicated as a willingness to bend the law to suit the desire of the shipping companies. The various investigations of the commission all make one telling point: the majority has almost always been wrong.

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The one consistent dissenter, Commissioner Raymond S. McKeough, former Democratic Congressman from Illinois and a man of rugged integrity, has been highly praised in the various reports. The other commissioners—Chairman Fleming, Vice-Chairman Grenville Mellen, David J. Coddaire, and Joseph K. Carson—have been excoriated for their lack of information and their uncooperative attitude.

A retired army engineer who had been a reasonably good Federal Works Administrator, General Fleming had had no experience with maritime affairs except in connection with rivers and harbors works. The subordinates he chose to rely upon had been responsible for past policy aberrations, and their advice was bad. He muffed his chance to clean house and in the end could only tremblingly defend the mess he had inherited.

Shortly after General Fleming came in, the Comptroller General issued a report blasting the commission for losing some $25,000,000 in contracts for construction of six vessels, including a new superliner, the United States. Among other things it charged that the commission had not possessed convincing evidence of greater foreign costs in exceeding the 33⅓ per cent construction-subsidy limitation. It also criticized the commission for agreeing to pay in one way or another 60 per cent of the $70,000,000 cost of the United States.

On the basis of the Comptroller General's report a subcommittee of the House Executive Expenditures Committee headed by Representative Porter Hardy, Jr., began hearings at which commission members were asked to testify. Its findings, announced in October, 1949, and backed by the full Expenditures Committee, went even farther than the Comptroller General's report. With respect to the six ships, it asserted that subsidy determinations were "based on assumptions which were almost devoid of foundation, and calculations derived from these assumptions were replete with errors. . . ."

After the release of the Hardy report President Truman directed the Attorney General to look into the interpretations of the Merchant Marine Act and called upon the Maritime Commission to review its actions. In his budget message to Congress Mr. Truman said: "I am seriously concerned by the increasing cost of these existing subsidies and by the cost of new subsidies now being advocated." General Fleming at the time was urging that construction subsidies for "exceptional cases" be raised from the legal limit of 50 to 60 per cent.

That the commission was not in the least interested in correcting its faults was evident in General Fleming's

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letter to the Attorney General, dated February 3, 1950, defending past subsidy actions. A few days later, however, General Fleming testified before the Hardy subcommittee that the review of past subsidy determinations was still in progress—that he had not made up his mind. He was caught mercilessly on this discrepancy in the second report of the Hardy subcommittee. A second report by the Comptroller General showed clearly that the give-away program was continuing.

IN THE meantime the President had reacted to the criticism of the Maritime Commission and had proposed to replace it with a three-man Maritime Board within the Department of Commerce which should handle regulatory and subsidy functions. This change was embodied in Reorganization Plan 21. A separate Maritime Administration headed by the board chairman was to administer and control the merchant fleet. In addition, a new Under Secretary of Commerce was to be appointed to supervise transportation policy.

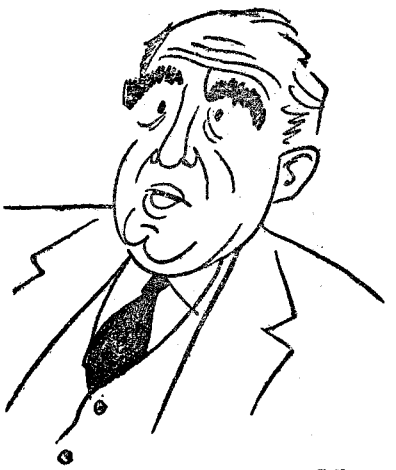
This plan had several defects, chief of which was that members of the new Maritime Board would have to depend on employees of the Maritime Administration for their figures and staff work. These employees in turn would be under the direction of the dual-capacity chairman of the Maritime Board. Thus a "strong" chairman would be in a position to sabotage the independence of other board members—one of the major complaints in the old Maritime Commission. Despite these disadvantages, however, persons interested in reform supported the reorganization plan in the hope that a change of personnel would better the situation.

The final impetus for the reorganization plan was furnished in May by the second report of the Hardy subcommittee. The inquiry this time went into all phases of Maritime Commission activity. Of twenty-two vessels authorized by the commission it found that only four had been granted a construction subsidy below 33⅓ per cent. As an example of the hidden subsidies already enjoyed by the shipping companies under the law it cited remissions of federal taxes made possible by special tax provisions. One company had paid only $570,000 in federal taxes since 1936 instead of the $13,846,000 which it would have paid without the tax advantage.

General Fleming came in for particular censure. After repeating its criticism of unjustified subsidy actions, the report charged the chairman and general manager with the "reshuffling of personnel of doubtful qualifications and competence" and called upon the Civil Service Commission to investigate the qualifications of employees in key positions. General Fleming was responsible for personnel administration.

All this was too much for the Senate to stomach. In a separate report the Senate Executive Expenditures Committee recognized the Maritime Commission's administrative shortcomings. Senator Magnuson, himself the author of a new subsidy bill, backed the reorganization.

As soon as the reorganization took effect, the President announced a clean slate for the new Maritime Board. Assistant Secretary of the Navy John Koehler was named chairman and Maritime Administrator. The other members are South Trimble, Jr., and Rear Admiral Paul Mather (retired). Although the new appointments were called temporary, and Mr. Koehler expects to return to the navy, it is regrettable to find the new board weighted two to one in favor of the navy, which has been criticized for its eagerness to approve "national defense" features on new ships. The appointment to key positions of several navy men is said to be imminent.



General Fleming Seligson

There have already been some disturbing developments. As one of its first acts the new Maritime Board appointed Francis S. Walker as its general counsel. Another member of Mr. Walker's law firm is at present general counsel of the Merchant Marine Institute, the organization of the subsidized shipping operators. Mr. Walker himself has represented the institute before Congress and the Maritime Commission. Whatever his capabilities, the appointment hardly shows a strict sense of propriety. Add to this the fact that Charles D. Marshall, the general manager of the old commission—lambasted with General Fleming for reshuffling incompetents—was issuing orders at the new Maritime Administration the first day, though his intention to resign has since been reported. Moreover, at one of the first staff meetings Chairman Koehler plainly implied that while a few things were wrong, most of the Hardy report's criticism had been exaggerated.

The final sour touch, of course, is that the new board will be operating under the shadow of General Fleming, unless enough pressure is generated to block his appointment in the Senate. His nomination as Under Secretary of Commerce, after he had been singled out for more severe criticism than is often aimed at an agency head, amounts to nothing but a reward for incompetence. On this ground the Masters', Mates', and Pilots' Union (A. F. of L.) has spoken out vigorously against his promotion. Commissioner McKeough, the one member of the old commission with an untarnished record, is said to be slated for a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce

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Commission. That will not leave Mr. McKeough in the cold, but neither will it give the Maritime Board the benefit of his experience.

Clearly, if the reorganization of the administration of America's merchant marine, a vital element in defense, is to mean anything, it must go a lot deeper than it has gone so far. It can succeed only if the new agency is staffed with persons who will carry out the law as it is written regardless of the demands of shipping companies. What is needed today is the same thing that the Black report called for fifteen years ago—"fearless, uncompromising men, unsusceptible to the insidious influence of selfish interests."

Beside the Point

ARE you privy to the secret maneuvers of the cold war? Do you know what goes on in Cabinet meetings? Are you in a position to cash in on the future because you know whether prices are going to hop, skip, or jump three months from now, what devil's brew is being cooked up in the vats of John L. Lewis, and what the Food and Drug Administration will have to say about ammoniated toothpaste?

If not, you evidently don't subscribe to one of the numerous confidential letters that make the rounds of the initiate on Monday morning. What the newspapers tell you has to be shared with the masses, leaving you with no competitive advantage. Occasionally you pick up a tip from a brother-in-law who had it straight from a fellow who was in Washington last week and got it from a stenographer he picked up in the Mayflower bar. But reliable as that is, it tends to be sporadic, while for a measly few dollars a year you can assure yourself a weekly flow of vital knowledge from the intrepid authors of these confidential letters. They are men who see all, hear all, and tell all—to a select list of subscribers who may neither quote nor reproduce their oracular information, but only hug it to their bosoms and make big money.

There is no reason why *The Nation* should not afford its readers a similar service, and this department intends to furnish it from time to time, knowing that anything said in these pages is practically confidential anyway. (Advertisers, don't take this seriously.) As a trial run we offer, in the crisp and telegraphic language established by custom, the following sample:

Washington, June 12

DEAR SUBSCRIBER:

Look for RISE in unemployment . . . directly related to increased joblessness. Administration leaders are worried, which is why Labor Secretary Tobin kicked Commerce Secretary Sawyer under the table at last week's Cabinet session for having added Remington and Lee to already glutted labor market.

There will be NO WAR with Russia this week. . . . Pulp shipments from Siberia to Moscow are 37 per cent less than required for paper work necessary to launch a major conflict.

Taxes: House Ways and Means Committee plans to repeal excise on baby oil and powder. Truman WILL VETO—unless Big Oil withdraws support from Dixiecrats. . . . Babies are already turning to light machine oil, affecting YOUR fall investment plans.

Marcantonio WILL NOT get the Democratic nomination for President . . . party bosses say privately he is vulnerable because of past Republican connections.

War with Russia IS COMING . . . but not in time to affect vacation plans. Intelligence reports indicate Stalin is preoccupied with decline in Shostakovitch's production of "people's opera." BUT . . . this is temporary. Be on the alert for change, and DON'T go far without a Geiger counter.

Government will not yield control over SYNTHETIC RUBBER PLANTS . . . at present being used to decorate corridors of Pan-American Union building.

Expect SOME strikes in next 30-60-90 days. . . . Taft-Hartley Act generally effective except in coal, autos, telephone, shipping, railroads, printing, electric, textiles, building trades, clothing, aircraft, farm equipment, retail business, steel, and white-collar occupations. . . . NOT ONE STRIKE among baby-sitters since passage of the act.

D. P. law WILL APPLY to disaffected diplomats from Iron Curtain countries. . . . McCarran plan is to convert ex-envoys into shepherds for use on Nevada ranges.

Discount rumors that Republicans plan to close down and padlock State Department if they win in '52. Campaign talk. . . . SOME Republicans favor the move, but party leaders realize they must find spots for Dulles, Vandenberg. . . . Truman IS THINKING SERIOUSLY of making McCarthy Ambassador to Czechoslovakia. Theory is that if he can't be thrown out of Washington, he can at least be thrown out of Prague.

General Eisenhower WILL RUN in '52—if the time is ripe, his wife approves, the stars favor him, the Democrats fold up, and the Republicans give him the nomination.

War with Russia is not in the cards—for the moment. . . . Soviet leaders would RATHER let Americans knock each other out first. Maybe NEXT week. R. B.

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Who Won at Whitsuntide?

BY CAROLUS

Frankfurt, June 8

EVERYTHING that happened during the Whitsuntide week-end in Berlin has been copiously reported by the hundreds of German and foreign newspapermen who crowded Allied and German press headquarters. All the preparations for the great event were successfully carried out. The West's front was guarded by 13,000 West Berlin policemen and 8,000 fully armed Allied soldiers, supported by tanks, aircraft, and field guns. East Berlin was garrisoned by 20,000 members of the People's Police and an unknown number of Russian soldiers.

For days all Allied airports in West Germany were alerted. "Hold Berlin" ordered the voice of General Clay from New York. The Red Cross collected the entire available supply of blood plasma in West German cities and even in Switzerland and sent it to civilian and military hospitals in West Berlin. Like Homeric warriors before a battle, the antagonists exchanged biting insults: "Slave drivers," "Bolshevist blood-suckers" came from the West; "Wall Street gangsters," "vassals of Western imperialism" from the East. For good measure, the Russian-inspired newspapers of the eastern zone accused the American occupation authorities not only of circulating counterfeit Ostmark bills but of dropping potato bugs on East German fields. Bonn sent three Cabinet ministers, the president of Parliament, and two dozen deputies to the opening of an automobile show in West Berlin. And so the stage was set for the battle. But no battle was fought.

Every correspondent had received a polite invitation to attend the parade and been promised a seat in the front row. But all they saw, and all the Allied military commanders saw from the helicopter in which they patrolled the front, were endless columns of marching youths—very like those who under Hitler had been clothed in brown; now, ten years later, they wore blue jackets and white shorts. Four hundred thousand young men, five hundred thousand, six hundred thousand—they came, they marched, they were enthusiastic.

But though the sidewalks were broad, there were not many spectators. In both sectors of the city the people stayed at home. West Berlin was quiet as the tomb—hardly a person was to be seen on the streets. The automobile show attracted only a few. First-class football teams from Vienna and Bordeaux had been engaged to play a match in the afternoon as a rare treat for the sport-crazy West Berliners, but scarcely ten thousand people were scattered about the huge stadium, which seats a hundred thousand. East and West, everybody except the boys in the parade seemed bored to death. The few persons who went out shivered in a cold rain; the wind whistled through the almost bare branches of the trees and the gaping windows of the bombed buildings. The great and costly Whitsuntide sensation was soon over. Another chapter in the cold war was ended.

The next day both sides of course rejoiced over the "victory." What the Germans themselves thought about it has been very little discussed in the foreign press; so let us consult the newspapers of the two largest cities in West Germany, cities which are also as different as possible from each other—Catholic Munich and Protestant Hamburg.

The Müncher Kurier said on June 1:

> The enthusiasm of the young people who for eight hours marched in a pouring rain before the president of East Germany was genuine. That no struggle for Berlin developed must be attributed to tactical-strategic considerations known only to the Kremlin. The importance of the affair, however, should not be underestimated. The picture of the "starved, misled little boys" of the eastern zone, whom the mayor of West Berlin asked the citizens to treat kindly, had no basis in reality. It is true that a large number of East German youths observed that the West Berliners enjoyed a much higher standard of living than people in the Soviet zone. The conclusions they drew, however, may not have been what West Germans would think. . . . The Allied commanders who cruised above the Friedrichstrasse in a helicopter could see with their own eyes the tremendous size of the Communist parade and that a very large proportion of the marchers were clearly under no compulsion and were fanatically convinced of the truth of their slogans. The free world should reflect that it must give youth new ideals if it wants to lead them along the right path.

On the same day the *Münchner Süddeutsche Zeitung* commented on the Berlin affair as follows:

> Taking a superficial view of the Whitsuntide celebrations, we can certainly say that nothing happened. . . . But we are hiding our heads in the sand if we think that the whole affair has now blown over. . . . Even Western observers admit that the parade was a memorable experience, impressive as drama . . . and disturbing because the youthful marchers obviously had a strong sense of fulfilment. In their ecstatic state they might easily, as one American journalist remarked, have turned, in obedience to a command, either right or left.

CAROLUS is the pseudonym of a German liberal who is active in West German politics.

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The *Hamburger Freie Presse* said on May 31:

> Neither side won the battle in Berlin; peace won the battle. Peace won because of the discipline of one side and the watchful resolution of the other; also because the idea of peace has acquired such weight that it cannot be disregarded by either side. We should rejoice at this. . . . It shows us the way to avoid another war: we must not only give peace a chance but make its victory secure.

THESE are not isolated press statements; they represent German public opinion. The many correspondents for German newspapers who were invited to Berlin by the American officials and given free transportation in military airplanes had much the same experience as the Biblical Balaam who was bribed by the king of the Moabites to curse the Jews but was finally led to bless them. When the young paraders from the eastern zone flocked into West Berlin in the evening in defiance of the Soviet authorities, we talked with many of them. Not one was a Communist; else they would never have disobeyed the prohibition. They wanted to taste freedom, and they did. It was a great experience for them to be free to say what they thought. It was what they had longed for.

The luxury they saw—the well-stocked shops, the unrationed food in the restaurants—left them cold. Yet all declared that they could buy nothing in the eastern zone, that between Christmas and Easter people had received only seventy-five grams of butter apiece, that the margarine distributed to them was detestable, that they got no sugar—the warehouses were full but it was all sent abroad—that they must continually eat fish instead of meat, and so on and so on. They were all convinced, however, that West Germany had bought its material well-being by surrendering its economic and political independence to the United States, by its enslavement to capitalism. Much as they would like to eat an orange or a banana, they thought the political price they would have to pay more than such things were worth. "Fifty per cent and more of our young people," they said, "are against the Communist regime, but we were very glad to march in the parade because we are fighting for peace. We can't be criticized for that. We want peace, and the Americans want war."

It seems to me that it was the Germans who won the "victory" in Berlin. For the first time in years people from the western zone met people from the eastern zone. And they fell on each other's necks. That is the first lesson of the Whitsuntide engagement. The second is that the stream of anti-Communist propaganda which the American occupation authorities have been pouring out for years has run off both East and West Germans like water off a duck's back. It has not convinced the West Germans that Western democracy is a "good thing"; in East Germany it has simply not been understood. East Germans hate the Russians just as West Germans hate the Allies. But East Germany has been so changed by the economic and social measures of the Communist regime that the American capitalist system and its language are as utterly incomprehensible to the bulk of the population as visitors from the moon would be. The Western powers base their expectation of success on democracy and freedom, oranges and bananas. They forget that in West Germany, too, meat is a luxury which most people can afford only once a week—to say nothing of butter and coffee. Freedom and democracy, indeed! The landowners and the big business men may like them; for the workers, the refugees, and the victims of the war they spell unemployment, low incomes, high prices. In a political sense the words have no meaning for a people which has been accustomed to getting along without the reality for hundreds of years.

The *Hamburger Freie Presse* of May 31, after hailing the victory of peace in Berlin, continued:

> The two Germanys have so much in common—their way of thinking, their subjection to a foreign power . . . above all, their interest in the preservation of peace. If war comes, both are lost. When the great powers pounce on each other, they will make no effort to protect us; their first encounter will be on our soil; they will be interested in us only for the help we can give them; we shall be mercilessly sacrificed to their ends. Germany's future is bound up with the peace. And if Germany has no future the ideological conflict has no point. That is as clear to Pieck [East Germany's Communist President] as to Adenauer.

The newspaper then called for an exchange of goods between East and West Germany; "and after that," it said, "we must try to find some neutral ground on which we can meet and discuss the situation."

At Whitsuntide in Berlin Germans from both zones did meet and talk. They parted as brothers, not as enemies, and some day they will come together for good, under this or that standard. From the military and ideological point of view Moscow has the better chance, for Germany lies in Europe.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Seventy-five Years Ago in "The Nation"

RUSSIA is no longer a sort of outlaw in Europe; she is perfectly secure. . . . She is courted not only by Germany but by all the powers of the Continent. . . . Russia can choose her friends; and she may find that Germany has become too dangerous a neighbor. . . . Germany has abused her victory; . . . and the whole world is silently protesting against the despotic temper of the new masters of Europe.—*June 24, 1875.*

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DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

Deus ex Machina

IT WAS a strange era. The chief difficulty in writing about it is the almost complete absence of records and documents. For this reason historians differ as to when, exactly, it opened, but it is safe to say that by 1952 the era was well under way. In March of that year the Attorney General's office set in motion the prosecution of the first 12,000 indictments under the Smith and Mundt subversive-activities legislation.

A major event of the decade occurred in October, 1954. Senator Angus Blauhofer (R., Minn.) rose in Congress and delivered a speech setting forth the doctrine of guilt by non-association. According to this doctrine anyone who had never consorted with Communists or Russian nationals might logically be suspected of disloyalty. Blauhofer pointed out: "The Russians are far too diabolical to use as their agents men who would never be allowed in positions of public trust. The perfect Russian spy is someone who might look just like you or me."

He argued further that the accused's denial of espionage activity should be accepted as evidence against him. "Obviously," he said, "an innocent man with nothing to hide can admit everything. Only a guilty man issues denials. We would do well at this time to pay service to that historic cornerstone of American law: 'Where there is smoke, there is fire.'"

It was in this period (1954-55) that the FBI began to experience difficulty in storing and filing its loyalty records. Fifteen warehouses in Washington proved insufficient. The situation was serious, but finally a brief news release from the Department of Justice announced that the FBI had solved the problem. The electronics department at M. I. T. had succeeded in producing a remarkable mechancial brain, modeled on the complex devices which had been for some time solving problems in advanced mathematics. You only had to slip into the machine a small white card bearing a name, and in less than an hour a complete loyalty report came out.

News of this amazing invention caught the imagination of the country. In a few short weeks Casey—as the device was affectionately called—became a hero, a national symbol like the Schmoo or the Spirit of St. Louis. There were Casey fan clubs, Casey buttons ("I Am Cleared—Are You?"). Macy's toy department announced the sale of a Midget Casey.

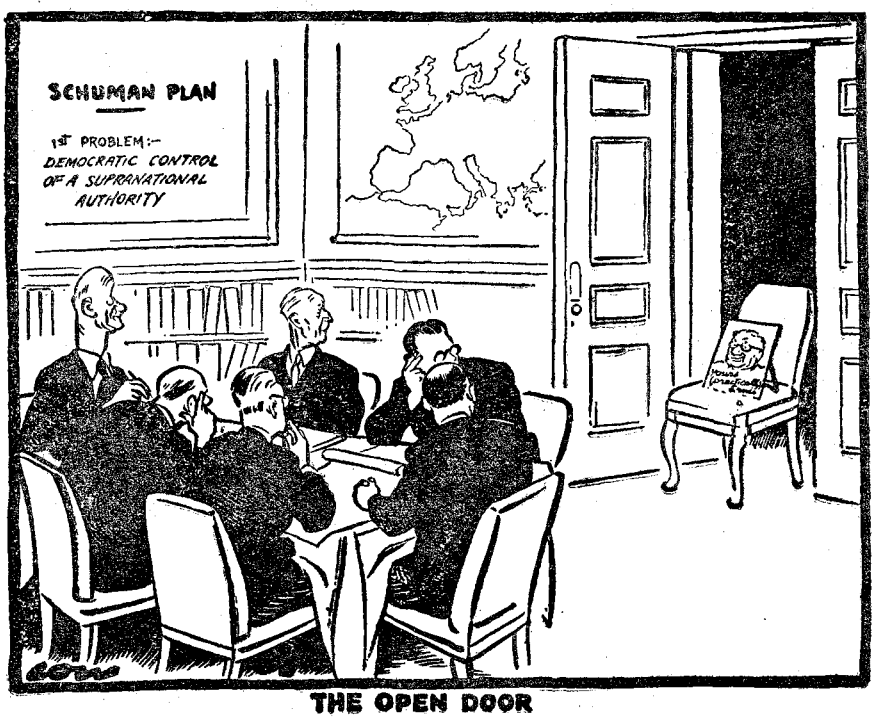
The use of Casey naturally made possible a great advance in the whole system of loyalty reports. A dozen states passed local ordinances requiring submission of an approved loyalty check with applications for marriage licenses, driver's licenses, dog licenses. Matters went along smoothly enough until early spring of 1959. And then the news leaked. A commentator named Pearson broke it first, ending his Sunday-night television show with a cryptic "Is it true what they say about Casey?"

Overnight, rumor and scandal rocked the nation. From the White House, the State Department, and the Department of Justice came brisk statements of denial, none of which, however, contained any clue to what was being denied. But bit by bit the story slipped out.

A woman named Helen Wilbur, a Westchester mother and housewife, had made application for membership in the Larchmont Garden Club. The routine loyalty check was set in motion. Mrs. Wilbur's name was inserted in Casey. The machine went through its usual operation and produced a file. Upon opening the folder the clerk's eyes were greeted by: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." Nothing else. No facts regarding subversive activity, no excerpts from informers' reports. A frantic check of the machine produced odd results. Casey emitted neatly printed quotations: the First Amendment to the Constitution, bits from the speeches of Jefferson and Lincoln. There was even one statement, "I plead the cause of truth and innocence against the bloody doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience," which was traced back to Roger Williams.

On June 27, 1959, the Department of Justice announced the indictment of Casey under the Smith act. Word burned in the headlines that Casey was the secret brain of the Communist Party and the master-mind of Soviet espionage. An outraged mob stormed the Pentagon. As the axes and hammers crashed against Casey's tubes and wires, the machine coughed up one last desperate message: "A scout is courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty . . . brave, clean . . . and reverent. Be Prepared!"

THE OBSERVER



THE OPEN DOOR

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Of Israel

THE REPUBLIC OF ISRAEL: ITS HISTORY AND ITS PROMISE. By Joseph Dunner. Whittlesey House. $4.75.

THE ARMY OF ISRAEL. By Moshe Pearlman. Philosophical Library. $5.

I SAW THE BATTLE OF JERUSALEM. By Harry Levin. Schocken Books. $3.

REPORT ON ISRAEL. By Irwin Shaw and Robert Capa. Simon and Schuster. $1.50 ($3 in hard covers).

MOST of the current crop of books about Israel suffer from the obvious blight of having been produced hastily to capitalize on the supposed news value of the subject. While it is premature to expect a definitive account of the war of independence or of the evolution of the Jewish state, it is already too late for a rehash of familiar materials plus a few journalistic chapters on recent developments.

"The Republic of Israel" by Joseph Dunner is full of worth-while information. Unfortunately, nearly the first half of the book is devoted to reviewing the course of modern Jewish history up to the proclamation of the Jewish state. Dr. Dunner's account of Zionism from Theodor Herzl till the passage of the United Nations partition resolution adds nothing to a story that has been told and retold and can be of value only to a reader unfamiliar with the extensive recent literature on Zionism.

Of greater interest are the chapters dealing with the political and social structure of Israel. Here, however, a wealth of material has been unduly compressed. For instance, the complex and challenging subject of Israel's political parties is disposed of in twelve pages. An adequate discussion of this phase of "The Republic of Israel" would have been a genuine contribution. But it is considered with the brevity and superficiality of a handbook. There are not only inaccuracies (the reviewer may be forgiven for taking filial umbrage at a misleading reference to Nachman Syrkin, the Socialist-Zionist theoretician), but there is no serious attempt to analyze the ideological conflict which rends the Israel labor movement or to evaluate the role of the religious bloc. Such statements as, "One of the assets of Mapai lies in the fact that it includes in its ranks many of the outstanding leaders of Zionism," or "The diplomatic achievements of Foreign Minister Sharett redounded to the advantage of Mapai," while true, indicate the tendency to put the cart before the horse. The author begs the provocative question as to why a particular social and political program proved victorious and produced or attracted "leaders." Since Israel is one of the few places on earth where a Social Democratic movement had the vigor to create a state and to continue in power against the opposition of the reactionary right and the extreme left, the problem is worth posing.

"The Republic of Israel" is valuable as a simple, straightforward textbook which brings the record up to date. In the opinion of this reviewer, however, Dr. Dunner could profitably have devoted more attention to the problems implied in the title.

"The Army of Israel" has some of the same weaknesses. Lieutenant Colonel Pearlman's review of the formation of the Haganah and of the illegal immigration is a routine account. The fresh and valuable portion of the book—namely, the history of Israel's War of Independence from November, 1947, till the signing of the armistice with Egypt in Rhodes in February, 1949—is unexpectedly colorless. Though informative, it is as impersonal as a war communiqué and as unrevealing. As head of Israel's Press Information Office during the war, Moshe Pearlman had an intimate, day-by-day knowledge of the war's progress, and his book provides excellent source and reference material. The plan of the campaign, particularly in the Negev, is analyzed with the kind of detail and authenticity only possible to a writer with a first-hand understanding of the war's strategy as designed by Israel's commanders. But this initial advantage, not often available to chroniclers of battles, has been exploited too sparingly by the author. For instance, we are told how many and what kind of shells fell on Negba and the exact disposition and number of Egyptians and Jews—2,000 Egyptians versus 145 Jews. That is all to the good. But the statistics, despite their eloquence, are baffling; we miss the feel of Negba, or of Jerusalem, or of the advance into Galilee, though we are grateful for accurate, if bare, facts.

Far more successful in conveying a living sense of the war is "I Saw the Battle of Jerusalem." Harry Levin, at present Israeli consul general in Australia, kept a diary of the siege from March 25, 1948, till July 18, 1948. The epic endurance of the 100,000 Jews of Jerusalem under the Arab attempt to reduce the city by famine and thirst as well as relentless shelling is familiar in outline. A number of accounts of the siege have already appeared in Hebrew, but Harry Levin's is the first comprehensive English description of an experience too frequently submerged under stereotyped superlatives. You see the impact of events on the population, from the fumbling beginnings when people are still dropping letters into mailboxes which they know will not be emptied, or are studying hydrophonics, till the triumphant lifting of the siege. The author has managed to picture the misery and terror of daily life in the bombarded city without letting the scrounging for food and the stench of the unflushed toilet obscure the exaltation of a population quite consciously fulfilling its "historic destiny." The great and the trivial are oddly mixed. A boy tries to make dried peas sprout in a dampened handkerchief; a grocer who gets a few oranges gravely allots a slice apiece to his favored customers—this in the orange season in the land of oranges. The driver of the water-cart dispensing the precious daily ration amid falling shells summons the crouching citizens from their doorways with the Biblical: "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

But never for a moment do the peo-

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ple forget that the city they defend is Jerusalem. The commander's order of the day for the unsuccessful attempt to breach the walls of the Old City consists of only two lines: "You stand before the walls of Jerusalem. For 1,877 years no Jew has climbed them. Tonight you will mount them." The Haganah issues directives in a pamphlet called "Upon Thy Walls, O Jerusalem" (from Isaiah), though it also bids its soldiers study the defensive tactics at Stalingrad. On the day that Abdullah announces in Amman that his troops are attacking Jerusalem, the Haganah puts up two timely posters: "I will cause an alarm of war to be heard in Rabbah of the Ammonites; and it shall be a desolate heap" (Jeremiah); and "I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks" (Ezekiel). Haganah officers read Josephus's "Wars of the Jews" for pointers, but they also made good use of their experience with the British army in World War II.

The entry for May 15, the day the state is proclaimed, reads: "First day of Israel. A radiant day." Amid the din of the incessant shelling the writer hears the cracked voice of an old neighbor saying to another, "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions," while the children in the garden argue as to whether Israel will have a king or a president. "Leizy says it will be a president, because a king's crown costs too much."

Delicately and with reserve the writer evokes the great moments: the mourning for the fall of the Old City; the initial bewilderment at the Arab flight; the rumor of the secret road being hewn through the mountains for the relief of the city; the deaths of heroes; and, finally, victory and deliverance. The writer's greatest achievement is that his realism is honest enough to capture the aura, as well as the air, of the Holy City.

"Report on Israel" contains Irwin Shaw's deft and brilliant reportage, most of which has already appeared in the *New Yorker*. But the spirit of the land eludes this account. The same is true of the superb photographs by Robert Capa. They are masterly examples of the photographer's art, but why is the illustration on the cover, significantly entitled "The Face of the People," the uncharacteristic one of an orthodox bearded Jew with a skullcap, carrying a beam of wood? While there are wonderful scenes and faces among the illustrations, one cannot escape the feeling that Robert Capa has too often sacrificed the picture for the picturesque.

MARIE SYRKIN

Our Political Capital

THE PRICE OF UNION. By Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $5.

ACCORDING to Mr. Agar, political parties, which arose by accident and actually against the wishes of the Founding Fathers, have been the main centripetal force in the United States during the last century and a half. They have done their unifying work precisely because—with the significant exception of the period from about 1850 to 1860—they have not stood for the "distinctive tenets" which European observers like Lord Bryce have expected in a political party. The American party, Mr. Agar explains, "is intended to seek bargains between the regions, the classes, and the other interest groups . . . , to bring men and women of all beliefs, occupations, sections, racial backgrounds, into a combination for the pursuit of power. The combination is too various to possess firm convictions. . . . And the easiest way . . . is for both parties to take both sides. This is normal American practice, whether the issue turns section against section, like 'cheap money'; or town against country, like Prohibition; or class against class, like the use of injunctions in labor disputes." He is not outraged by the fact that the Democrats chose a "sound-money" man for the presidency and yet wrote a "cheap-money" platform in 1868; or that they chose a "wet" Eastern candidate for the presidency and a "dry" Western candidate for the vice-presidency in 1924. On the contrary, Mr. Agar believes that a federal nation is safe "so long as the parties are undogmatic and contain members with many contradictory views. But when the people begin to divide according to reason, with all the voters in one party who believe one way, the federal structure is strained." American political parties thus resemble those of Europe merely in name; they are more like international coalitions which are temporary expedients to avoid war. They express willingness to compromise rather than agreement on a theory.

Mr. Agar's point of view is hardly original. But his witty narrative of American history, always competent and sometimes profound, gives a new significance to his thesis. The freshness of his interpretations is all the more remarkable because he leans so heavily on the writings of other historians. Moreover, this book lacks the complacency which is almost universal in books written in praise of our institutions; it aims to discover the peculiar American context for the ancient problem of the relation between morals and politics.

Our political heroes emerge from the volume as men of an unfamiliar stamp. They are not the men of "principle" but those of political skill and catholic sympathies. The Thaddeus Stevenses, fire-eaters and radicals—all intransigents regardless of complexion—appear as men willing to sacrifice the public interest to their own consciousness of rectitude. Mr. Agar's George Washington is not the fighter for liberty but the adept coordinator of other men fighting for disparate causes; his is the Jefferson of the Louisiana Purchase rather than of the Declaration of Independence; and the Lincoln of the First Inaugural Address rather than of the Emancipation Proclamation. He finds the theory of American political life pretty adequately expressed by Calhoun's theory of the concurrent majority: government is authenticated not by the will of the numerical majority but by the concurrence of the miscellaneous minority interests whose rights ought not to be ignored.

Such an interpretation is anything but flattering to our familiar image of ourselves. It disturbs our facile equation of the aims of our great men with the achievements of our institutions. Mr. Agar is wary of the Jeffersonian spirit which would urge each generation strenuously to remake its institutions according to its own bright lights. He writes rather in the spirit of Edmund Burke, who would first seek the wisdom in our institutions, valuing them none the less because they are the gift of an inscrutable and anonymous past.

While Mr. Agar views our political capital as a gift of Providence, he would

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not thereby cheapen it. Nor does the moral emerge that we are unfree or that we live in a world without principles. He does urge us to grasp the truth which has disappeared from half the world—namely, that men who are wise must know the limits of human wisdom. Ours is an age of tyrannous majorities, when governments seek to hide their immorality by making politics play the role of morals: we have seen the terrifying ambiguities of "majority rule." We must therefore rediscover the intimate relationship between liberty and humility which, for very different reasons, was not unknown to the eighteenth century. We must recognize our good fortune: the tendency of our institutions makes us inept at seeking absolutes through politics. The spirit of our institutions is nowhere better expressed than in Winston Churchill's words which Mr. Agar makes his motto: "It has been said that democracy is the worst form of government except all those other forms that have been tried from time to time."

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

Patterns in Russian Literature

THE EPIC OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. From Its Origins Through Tolstoy. By Marc Slonim. Oxford University Press. $5.

MARC SLONIM'S extensive and careful study of Russian literature is a remarkable fusion of biographical details, critical evaluations, book summaries, and environment. A notable virtue of it is the treatment of the period between the introduction of printed books in the tenth century and the invitation of Peter the Great and Catherine II to foreign influences. The period, though surveyed briefly, is generally unknown to English readers; it accounts for the variety of folk elements which affected later writers and includes the development of epic ballad cycles and the establishment of an alphabet and a lofty church-Slavonic language. Principally, however, it fixes a basic trait of Russian literature by its emphasis on "religious and moral usefulness."

This utilitarian objective, which in later books subsumed the emergent themes of social and political revolt—the Superfluous Man, the Little Man, the Merchant Bourgeoisie, the Liberal, and finally the morally questing rebels of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy—leads Mr. Slonim to the unifying principle and prime virtue of his researches: an integration of the authors' lives with analyses of their works into a "continuity of historical development." The integration involves a revelation of social backgrounds, further broadened by a sketching of the cultural background in painting, architecture, sculpture, music, theater, science, education, philosophy, and criticism, as well as the political background, which in Russia has always been of paramount importance in determining the writer and his product.

Though ample evidence is presented to show that the Russian writer has nearly always operated under overt censorship, Mr. Slonim does not insist upon its importance in a continuity of conditioning the Russian people, both as creator and audience. After the transfer of censorship from the church to the state, the course of free expression constantly vacillated from liberality to repression. Of the authors who were at some time exiled and silenced—a list virtually all-inclusive—only the neurotic Lermontov never capitulated to the authorities. Tolstoy in his old age had such prestige as to intimidate even the Czar. Today, under Czar Stalin, no Russian comparable to Alexander Herzen has found it possible to fight in voluntary exile, as Herzen did a century ago, for human dignity and free speech against "the kingdom of darkness, of arbitrariness, of silent agony, of solitary death, of gagged suffering."

The present volume offers informative interpretations of many minor figures—Aksakov, Karamzin, the critics Belinsky and Chernyshevsky, Nekrassov, and Tiutchev. Longer passages, or whole chapters, analyze the great writers: Lermontov, poet haunted by problems of evil; Goncharov, novelist of the passive rationalizer; Ostrovsky, dramatist of the despotic merchant bourgeoisie; and Gogol, comic realist of society's monsters. The giants—Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy—are discussed at length. It was Pushkin and Turgenev who contributed the leavening effect of craftsmanship, of graceful, sensitive style, to the flood of rough critical realism. Dostoevsky, in the first modern novels, set the pattern for treating philosophical and psychological problems of good and evil, the duality of man and of the universe, and the relation of religion to progress. Tolstoy, the "repentant nobleman" grasping at the ideal of the noble savage, represented the convergence of dominant tendencies in Russian literature: "didactic extremism, moral restlessness, preoccupation with social issues, a desire to bring a universal message, a revolutionary boldness of ideas and forms."

A second volume, considering later writers, will carry to a conclusion Mr. Slonim's sound thesis that much of the ideology and style of Soviet writers originates in the artistic evolution of their predecessors. Its contemporary application is already evident here, though its relation to the main schism in nineteenth-century Russian literary and social theory—Slavophiles (reactionaries) and Westernizers (liberals)—is kept on a cautious level. In view of current Soviet Slavophilia, a consideration of the ultimate effect of these patterns may possibly add some piquancy to the final studies.

HUBERT CREEKMORE

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The Neurotic Child

LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH. The Treatment of Emotionally Disturbed Children. By Bruno Bettelheim. The Free Press, Glencoe, Illinois. $4.50.

AT THE Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago live some thirty boys and girls, ranging in age from six to twelve, who have been sent there as a last resort when no other means of dealing with their delinquencies, autistic withdrawals, and countless other often inventive ways of making life miserable for themselves and others have been successful. "Love Is Not Enough" is the first full-length account of the way most of these children are led gradually and patiently to thaw out their psychic and often physical frozenness in the context of the daily life of the school. If love is not enough, as Dr. Bettelheim claims—and there is no point in a semantic quarrel with him—love goes a long way in making it possible for the counselors and the academic teachers and the staff psychiatrist, who share very similar tasks, to see potential humanity and charm in an unruly child who, for instance, continuously and aggressively vomits food.

Freud concluded that psychoanalysis could not help seriously disturbed and psychotic patients, schizophrenics for example. Impatience has tempted some of his successors to the violence of shock therapy. Dr. Bettelheim and his coworkers are among the very few (there are others at the Washington School of Psychiatry, at the Menninger Clinic, and elsewhere; readers may recall the recent movie, "The Quiet One") who have the tenacity to believe, in Harry Stack Sullivan's words, that "we all are more human than otherwise," and who have, in addition, the ability to listen to the non-verbal or only barely verbal communications by which the mistrustful and deeply hostile child or adult reacts to those who attend him.

Such a patient will at first often try to test by provocative behavior the person who seeks to help him—this behavior may range from protracted silence to defecating and smearing or physically assaulting the counselor. At the same time such provocation helps to reestablish human contact for the patient and tells the therapist something about the symbolic meaning of the patient's behavior, leading thus to further wisdom in communicating with him. But of course the process does not take place quickly and smoothly; there are many backward steps; and from the evidence of this book most children need to stay at the school from two to four years.

The quality of Dr. Bettelheim's account, and the way in which the children use people and objects as play props for their difficulties, may be indicated by the following quotation from the chapter on waking up:

> After two years at the school Lucille still needed some help in preparing to face the new day. But this help she now preferred to provide herself.
>
> Her bed-doll, which she appropriately called "Sleepy," she enlisted in her aid. First she would talk to "Sleepy," and then with "Sleepy," or through her, she would talk to another child. Not yet talking as Lucille but as "Sleepy," she would, for example, involve Alice in a conversation. Not really Alice, though, but Alice's bed-doll "Sparkle Plenty." Lucille, talking for "Sleepy," and Alice, talking first from under her covers and then with eyes wide open sitting up for "Sparkle Plenty," would carry on conversations that began as if they were still part of dreams. But the need to communicate with one another slowly forced the two more and more toward reality. Eventually Lucille would leave her bed and visit Alice with "Sleepy" or rather as "Sleepy." The conversation would become less and less an expression of the children's unconscious and more and more part of an organized game. This play would then lead them to their buggies or their doll houses, and they would soon find themselves wide awake in what is the everyday reality of young children.

It is plain that the school succors children, not so much in specially arranged therapeutic hours, though these do occur, but by careful handling of the series of seemingly petty incidents that make up the daily routine of life—a routine so easygoing that the fine photographs which accompany the text mainly look as if they were of normal children at a normal progressive boarding school. Some of the most brilliant passages in the book deal with the significance for children of what Dr. Bettelheim calls "in-between" places and times: the times just before a planned activity, the places such as stairwells, closets, utility rooms, that are not single-purposed. He sees that these in-betweens at once frighten children and give them opportunities to structure limited cuts of time and space in their own way, without interference from large and adult-sponsored purposes. It is my impression that psychoanalysts and Rorschach experts have contributed more in recent years to our understanding of the heavy freight of meanings carried by space than architects and city planners have. This is one way, though doubtless not the most salient, in which work like Dr. Bettelheim's can be applied to the larger society of more or less normal people.

Indeed, parents and others who are interested in children will find a great deal in this book of immediate relevance and fascination. Dr. Bettelheim, by the way, does not take too kindly a view of parents. Having to deal daily with human material that parents have nearly managed to destroy, having found that visits home usually send the children into tailspins, he is more inclined to allow to children than to parents the right to be neurotic and difficult. Judging from his account, little work with adults is done in or through the school—perhaps the adults whose children land there are too far gone to be helped outside a similar institution. Yet since the children must eventually be returned to the care of "outside" adults, work in adult education—such as this book may advance among its readers—must of course run *pari passu* with work with children.

The Orthogenic School has been under way on its present course for less than six years, and as Dr. Bettelheim says, it is too early to give more than a progress report. One would like to know not only what happens to the children but also what happens to the counselors. Can people stand "giving" as much as they, day in, day out, must give?

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In thinking about this problem the psychoanalytic orientation of the school must not be forgotten. Freud took the revolutionary step of assuming, almost as a matter of course, that it made sense for him to spend years trying to help a single not particularly brilliant or "important" patient. Today psychoanalysis is often criticized for this very "luxury." Yet the fabulously great efforts put in by those who work with the more extremely disturbed constitute among other things a political protest of great promise for the future. When a well-digger becomes trapped in a Brooklyn shaft, our society thinks no effort to pull him out too great, and perhaps no finer tribute could be paid to our society than this fact. When a child becomes trapped in an emotional well, we have so far been less ready to help, and less aware that help is needed or possible.

DAVID RIESMAN

The Victorian Age

THE REINTERPRETATION OF VICTORIAN LITERATURE. Edited by Joseph E. Baker. Princeton University Press. $3.75.

THIS volume of essays sponsored by the Victorian Literature Group of the Modern Language Association is devoted to two chief tasks. It attacks the standard misconceptions about the nineteenth century, which by now have themselves assumed something of a period flavor; and it suggests fertile lines of thought and research which may be followed to a more just evaluation of the Victorian period.

Professor Howard Mumford Jones thumpingly leads the attack on the stereotype of the Victorian Age in his essay entitled The Comic Spirit and Victorian Sanity. He pierces to the core the condescension with which Victorian England is often regarded nowadays when he remarks:

> I suspect we have overstressed Victorian prejudice. . . . They were capable of absorbing strange food. They made a Jewish novelist Prime Minister of England, despite his curls and waistcoats; and I need not comment on the chances of either a Jew or a novelist, much less both, being elected President of this enlightened republic.

By giving her name to a long and complex historical span Queen Victoria bestowed on it what is perhaps a spurious unity. To one occupied with searching for order in this variety it must be tempting to conclude that her longevity is the chief source of difficulty. Nevertheless, the word "Victorian" should be rescued as a meaningful if not a simple term. It is this second and more weighty responsibility which is the chief concern of the scholars who have contributed to this reinterpretation. They have dealt with it by suggesting, not a new formulation, but the means by which such a new formulation may be approached. Almost every one of them has indicated points of view which shed an exciting new light on the subjects under discussion.

It is unfortunate that the volume

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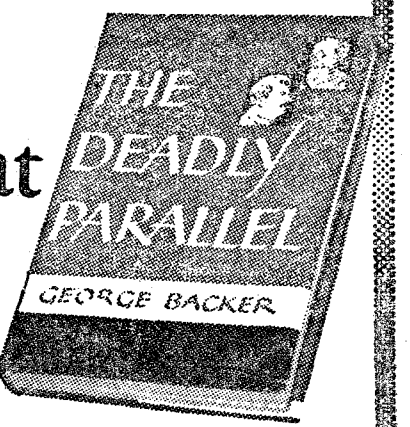

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lacks an essay on Victorian poetry and thus leaves undefended the most exposed wing of the Victorian literary achievement. This deficiency is perhaps related to another which is characteristic of the book as a whole. Its contributors are generally concerned with the current of ideas and almost never undertake aesthetic evaluations. Professor Norman Foerster's The Critical Study is itself a comment on the approach adopted by most of his fellow-contributors. He says of literary scholars:

> They should be ready to say, plainly, that literature is an art and hence occupies a region, the region of human values, where the neutrality of science is inappropriate. The center of the art of letters is forever value, aesthetic-critical value, and consequently the end of scholarship is criticism.

The kind of scholarship which this book represents is an essential ingredient of criticism, but it should not be taken for the whole of it. It is far beyond the kind of study in which literature is treated as a historical phenomenon, but it has not yet reached the point at which literature is treated as art.

JACOB KORG

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

WHEN Toscanini was conductor of the New York Philharmonic he worked with a permanent, stable group of players whose only professional activity was playing together as a symphony orchestra, and who—whatever laxity they permitted themselves with other conductors—maintained in their four or five rehearsals and three or four concerts each week with Toscanini the discipline, cohesiveness, and sensitiveness to his direction which they had acquired in their years of work with him. That made the work easier for him; but it also made him impatient: at the time he left the Philharmonic I was reliably informed that he was tired of the routine of week after week of four or five rehearsals and three or four concerts—especially the three or four performances of one program. And it was said later that one of his reasons for accepting N. B. C.'s offer was that it called for only one performance each week.

But at N. B. C., in December 1937, Toscanini began to work with a group of players— including many of virtuoso competence—which had been assembled only a couple of months earlier. Moreover, this N. B. C. Symphony with which he produced the weekly broadcast symphony concert comprised (1) a smaller permanent body which was the house orchestra of N. B. C. and as such played in the various commercial programs under various conductors who were unable to hold it to high technical and musical standards of performance, and (2) a number of extra players who joined it only for Toscanini's broadcast. And still another thing which made it harder for the players to become adjusted to each other in a cohesive group was the bad acoustic properties of Studio 8H, which made it difficult for them to hear each other. Not that the orchestra did not play superbly under Toscanini's direction—as one realized especially on the occasions when it played in Carnegie Hall. But it was not until recently that some of the musicians could be overheard exclaiming to each other: "You know, we're beginning to sound like a symphony orchestra!" And the truth of this was demonstrated right at the start of the Carnegie Hall concert with which Toscanini and the N. B. C. Symphony orchestra began their tour of the country—in the performance of Rossini's Overture to "L'Italiana in Algeri," which had a precision and finish, a refinement of tone and subtlety of nuance, a sensitiveness to Toscanini's direction that made one think one was hearing the Philharmonic again.

At N. B. C. Toscanini also learned the value of those three or four performances he had had to give of one program with the Philharmonic. A conductor and orchestra may achieve a performance completely at rehearsal; but the first time in public there is likely to be unsettling tension; and relaxed security may come only at the second or even the third concert. I recall how, when Toscanini conducted the Philharmonic in Beethoven's Ninth in 1936, the performance was tense, driven and harsh-sounding on Thursday and again on Friday, but amazingly relaxed, spacious, and beautiful-sounding on Sunday. At N. B. C. there was only the first public performance; and knowledge of that fact sometimes increased the tension. And the tour's first performances of Beethoven's "Eroica" and Debussy's "La Mer," at the Carnegie Hall concert, did not reach the heights of later performances after weeks in which Toscanini and the orchestra continued to rehearse and perform—at refreshing intervals, and under relaxed and otherwise favorable conditions—the works they had prepared for the tour's programs. I was told of an especially wonderful "Eroica" in Pasadena; and at the final concert in Philadelphia I heard what I thought was the most wonderful "La Mer" I had ever heard—phenomenal as a completely achieved realization of the piece, as an exhibition of virtuoso orchestral performance, and in the relaxed ease with which conductor and orchestra operated.

Musicians in the orchestra with whom I talked about it agreed; and we agreed

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also that the acoustic properties of the Academy of Music had contributed to the marvelous sound of the piece that night. They had heard details this time that they had never heard before; and it turned out that one of the pleasures of the tour had been the experiences of playing and hearing in fine auditoriums like Baltimore's Lyric Theater, San Francisco's opera house, and Philadelphia's Academy. Surprisingly enough, they said New York's Carnegie Hall had been the least impressive—which did not surprise me at all: at the orchestral concerts I had heard in Carnegie Hall this season I had been struck by the fact that the sound seemed to remain at a distance instead of projecting itself forward and around one as it used to do. Carnegie Hall used to have a stage set which, like the shells of the other auditoriums, acted as a resonator; but the owner, in addition to spoiling the distinguished appearance of the auditorium by painting it dark red, has spoiled its superb acoustic qualities by removing the set and draping the stage with curtains—the result apparently being that much of the sound which isn't deadened by the curtains rises into the open space above the stage instead of being projected out to the audience.

FACTS ON FILM

BY MARY ANNE GUITAR

OF THE countless medical and health films available, only a few find the wide audience they deserve. In two recent documentaries, however, showmanship is happily combined with technical integrity.

"Feeling All Right," a thirty-minute documentary on syphilis, was produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service at Athens, Georgia, the only regional film organization in the United States. Using Mississippi Negroes as actors and actual farmland as background, the film creates an authentic picture of the rural South. A musical score reminiscent of a dozen regional folk tunes, off-the-cuff photography, and an extremely colloquial script evoke the atmosphere of the region where it was produced and where it has done the most good. The picture was not conceived as a sociological document. It is rather an action-provoking film aimed directly at the audience, saying bluntly: Recognize syphilis and do something about it. The recorded experience of an appealing young man who gets the disease, tries to cure himself, and eventually obtains treatment in a clinic makes a convincing frame for the message. "Feeling All Right" may not be as shocking as Army VD films, but it makes you want to go out and get a blood test. Scare photographs of syphilis victims are flashed briefly upon the screen. The death of a baby whose parents refused to be tested and the portrayal of crippled minor characters drive home the point: don't wait until it's too late. In the clinic scenes a more reassuring tone is adopted, probably to encourage people to seek help.

Nobody minces words in this picture, which may be the reason it has had limited distribution in the North. In the South it has had thousands of showings, privately and in theaters; Mississippi alone reports 1,393 showings to 220,000 persons, both white and Negro, as of October, 1949. But theatrical licenses have been withheld in New York and Pennsylvania. It could not be called an offensive film, and by now VD should certainly be an accepted part of the language. Perhaps the Northern censors are guided by Hollywood's production code, which holds social diseases unsuitable subjects for the screen. It may be purchased for $50 or rented for $6 from Columbia University's Communications Center, 412 West 117th Street, New York.

"Challenge: Science Against Cancer" tackles the problem of explaining cancer research to the public, a job almost as monumental as unraveling the mystery of cancer itself. Cancer research has been going on for so long and has enlisted such impressive brain power and experimentation that the average nonscientific citizen wonders at the lack of success in discovering a single cure for the disease. This film, made by the National Film Board of Canada and the Medical Film Institute of the Association of American Medical Colleges, explains in understandable terms that the secret of cancer control is the secret of life itself—in short, the workings of the single cell. Reproduced by unearthly animations, the "quivering world" of the cell is brought to the screen. The camera demonstrates how healthy cells operate and, in the case of cancer, how outlaw cells appear. The narrator reviews the countless steps that have been taken to isolate the factors operating in cancer. Is it heredity? Is it improper balance in metabolism or hormone activity? Can it come from the environment? The camera focuses on dozens of scientists checking experiment against experiment, studying the cell microscopically, creating special conditions which may reveal the basic cause of the disease. The film does such a masterly job of conveying the scope and intricacy of the problem and the indefatigable activity going on in laboratories that the summary of it as "steady, unheroic search" seems anti-climactic.

Because it presents the problem in its true proportions "Challenge" may not be the most hopeful of films, but certainly it is one of the most honest. By means of truly distinguished animation, soaring music by Louis Applebaum, who scored "Feeling All Right," and Raymond Massey's narration its emotional content is heightened enough to inspire even the most unscientific mind. It may be purchased from International

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Film Bureau, 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2, Illinois, for $45—it cannot be rented. The film runs thirty minutes.

"Journey into Medicine," which has been out more than two years, measures up to the more recent releases in dramatic impact. It tells the moving story of a young doctor's preparation for his career, highlighting the overwhelming yet rewarding experiences which face an interne in the country's great hospitals, specifically Columbia Presbyterian, New York Hospital, and Johns Hopkins. Directed by Willard Van Dyke, a notable documentary expert, the picture was made for the State Department to show abroad. Because of the emphasis on humanitarian medicine it should be an effective good-will ambassador. To United States audiences its behind-the-scenes shots of the world of medicine should inspire new respect for the long and consuming study of the science. It can be bought for $46.84, rented for $5, from Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Avenue, New York. It runs thirty-nine minutes.

One of the most poignant films ever made is "First Steps," an Academy Award winner, which plots the basic steps in therapy for crippled children. The film demonstrates the usefulness of the United Nations, since the film was made to answer India's request for help in attacking the problem of the victims of cerebral palsy and polio. Shot at the Jewish Federation's Camp Oakhurst, the picture emphasizes practical means of rehabilitating crippled children, both physically and emotionally. This ten-minute short may be purchased for $34.50 or rented for $2.50 from United Nations Films, 1600 Broadway, New York.

"First as a Child" does the same sort of job as "First Steps," although it is not so satisfying artistically. There is more material for parents who must give the child emotional as well as physical support. It runs twenty-two minutes; it is rented for $3.50 or sold for $30 by Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Edmund Wilson and the *Saturday Review*—a Correspondence

DEAR SIRS: The *Saturday Review of Literature* published, in its issue of April 8, an editorial headed The Destruction of Art for Art's Sake, which dealt with the transference of the committee of selection for the Bollingen awards from the Library of Congress to Yale University. The *Saturday Review* had itself been responsible for raising, in connection with the award to Ezra Pound, the alarm that impelled the library to banish the Bollingen committee—an alarm in which patriotic horror at Pound's pro-fascist activities had been mingled with wholesome indignation over the obscurity of his poetry.

The editorial of April 8 ended as follows: "Now that they [the committee] have been dissociated from a government agency and are reconstituted as a private group, they have complete freedom to make their selections according to their dictates. In this connection we applaud their first choice—the choice of Wallace Stevens as recipient of the Bollingen Prize in poetry for 1949. Mr. Stevens is a poet of perception and distinction. He believes in communication; his work is effective precisely because he believes in using words as conveyors of ideas and images."

On reading this, I sent the *Saturday Review* the following telegram: "Glad to know you have mastered Stevens, whom I personally find more difficult than Pound. What is your interpretation of what he communicates? If, however, art for art's sake has been or ought to be destroyed, then the poetry of Wallace Stevens has been or ought to be destroyed, and I do not understand how it is possible for you to applaud it. Please elucidate these matters in an early issue."

In response to this I had a letter from Mr. Harrison Smith. Its contents are indicated by my reply.

Dear Mr. Smith: Thank you for your letter—which I must say does not do much to vindicate the literary competence of the *Saturday Review*. In attempting to demonstrate that Stevens is less obscure than Pound you say: "Since I have sent you a quotation from the "Pisan Cantos," it is reasonable to confine my quotations from Stevens to his latest book, though I believe that his poetry has become less obscure with the years." You then transcribe several passages from what you describe as "his 1947 volume, 'Harmonium'." Now, "Harmonium" was Stevens's first, most famous, and for many years his only book: it was published in 1923. If it is a question of comparing epochs in the work of Stevens and Pound, I do not remember anything in the work of Pound at that period so difficult as many of the poems in this book. There is, for example, a piece called The Emperor of Ice-Cream, which I have never been able to understand. I have been told that The Emperor of Ice-Cream is Death, but I do not see how the first three lines are to be explained on that assumption. And what do you make of *Le Monocle de Mon Oncle* and the last lines of A Nice Shady House? Are they likely to be understood by anyone who can make nothing of Pound?

As for your quotation from the "Pisan Cantos" [LXXVIII, lines 34-63], which is intended to prove Pound's unintelligibility: you have yourself made the first lines meaningless by omitting the five lines that precede them—about Lorenzo de' Medici—from which the next lines follow. The whole passage evidently deals with Pound's adventures in Italy, when he was arrested at the end of the war. The usual echoes of things he has read are running through his mind. No one, of course, can recognize all his references, historical, literary, and personal, but most of them can be looked up, and it is usually clear what value he means you to attach to any given item in his scrambled chronology and topography. Ezra Pound is a naive man, with a few very simple, and sometimes crank ideas. He has emphatically explained in his prose the themes that he has used in his poetry. Wallace Stevens, on the other hand, has written out of something like what Matthew Arnold meant by "the buried

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life" and only partly emerges. His imagery is much trickier than Pound's, and his puzzles cannot be solved by consulting encyclopedias and dictionaries.

I think that you ought to familiarize yourself with the works of these two admirable writers before sounding off about them in a journal supposed to be devoted to literature. And it seems to me that accusations of irresponsibility of the kind your editorial brings do not nowadays come very appropriately from the editors of the *Saturday Review*. You assert in your letter that you "have never felt or said that 'art for art's sake ought to be destroyed' "; yet the title of your editorial was The Destruction of Art for Art's Sake. You seem to suggest in the article that the judges for the Bollingen award have proved either the absurdity of this doctrine or their insincerity in professing it, and the implication of the title seems plain—that the doctrine has somehow been discredited and ought to be discredited.

(Signed) Edmund Wilson

April 27

In view of Margaret Marshall's article of last winter entitled The *Saturday Review*—Unfair to Literature, I thought you might be interested in this exchange.

EDMUND WILSON

Wellfleet, Mass., May 24

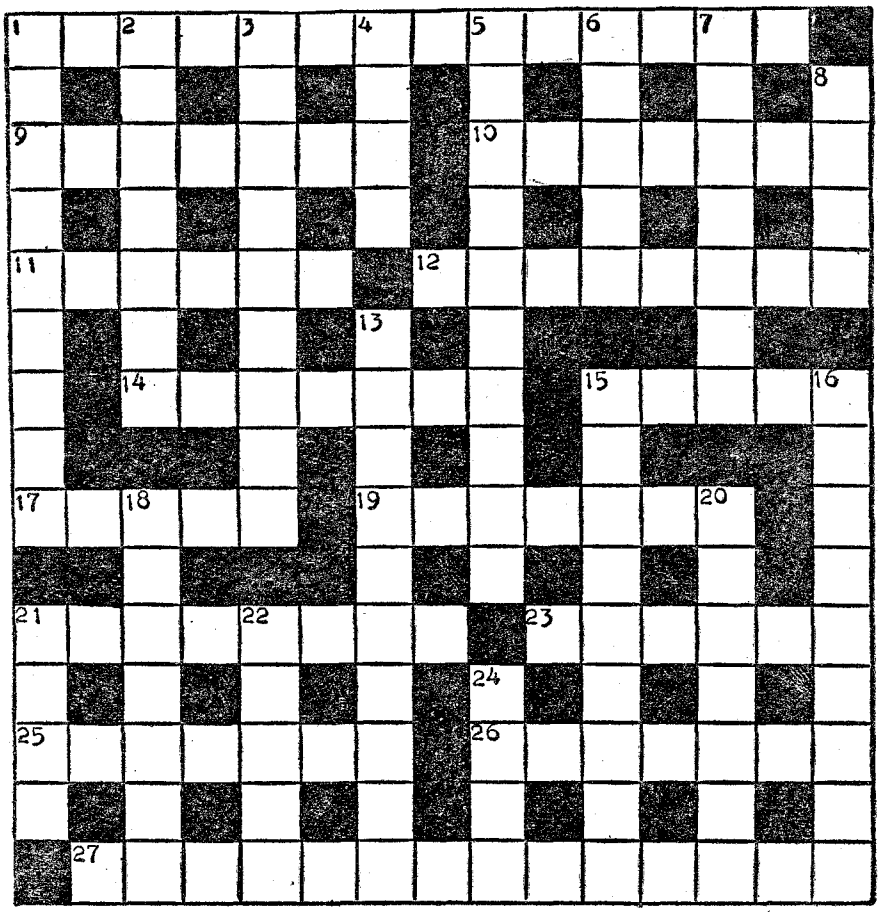
Letter from Haiti

Dear Sirs: Port-au-Prince offered visitors to Haiti two significant events last month—the revolution and the exposition. Of the two, the revolution was the more finished project both literally and figuratively. The country has quieted now, and except by the relatives of the four persons rumored to have been killed, the unpleasantness is practically forgotten. Under the Military Junta a new Cabinet is already installed and working.

The revolution began with a "manifestation," in which mobs—reported to be led by henchmen of ex-President Estime—invaded the Senate and wrecked its furnishings and files, in retaliation for the Senate's refusal to pass Estime's proposed amendment to the Constitution allowing him to be re-elected. Although Estime was considered by many to have been an extremely good if somewhat high-handed President—he had served four years of his six-year term—the idea of his asking

Crossword Puzzle No. 367

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Trombone directions out west? (8, 6)
9 Pigs? Yes, but still interesting people! (7)
10 Attachment. (7)
11 Chisholm and Santa Fe. (6)
12 Condemned. (8)
14 Canceled performance for *The Egotist*? (4-3)
15 Looks like Uncle went to a School of the Dance. (5)
17 Not the net result of being unpolished. (5)
19 With which some women take the veil. (Sort of artificial when an animal goes to extremes.) (7)
21 Happy? Not if he's a storeman. (8)
23 If in the army, likely to be down in the dumps. (6)
25 Waste time in cooking? (7)
26 Mark time with the family? (7)
27 Marxian zoological specimens. (6, 8)

DOWN

1 and 16 Keystone Cops, but not in slow motion! (9, 9)
2 Sounds like a ban on oriental stagefare! (2, 5)
3 Looks like the son is somewhat hazy when he comes up with the family possessions. (9)
4 and 18 Stop talking for a period! (11)
5 Not made of the right metal to find in aquaria! (10)
6 George Eliot, perhaps, mixed up the blades. (5)
7 Rum sort of place for an 18! (7)
8 Lady Geraint gets up to eat (in Oklahoma). (4)
13 There's more than one side to such things! (10)
15 Thus a nymph and nothing else is contained therein. (9)
16 See 1 down.
18 See 4 down.
20 Irish county doctor? (7)
21 A blow on the wrist, perhaps. (4)
22 It's a fact that dirt rises at the middle. (5)
24 Slight indistinction of speech. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 366

ACROSS:—1 MALEDICTION; 9 LUSTRATE; 11 HURRY UP; 12 PUTTEES; 14 and 10 CHILDE ROLAND; 15 INNOCENT; 17 SCOWLING; 20 TUSCAN; 22 DECAMPS; 24 SWEATER; 26 ANGOLA; 27 MERIDIAN; 28 AFGHANISTAN.

DOWN:—2 AFTERGLOW; 3 EVACUEE; 4 ITEM; 5 TARQUIN; 6 OWLET; 7 DULUTH; 8 INTERN; 13 DIRGE; 16 CASSANDRA; 18 CLEANS; 19 IMPEACH; 20 THWARTS; 21 ARENAS; 23 ALOOF; 25 AMEN.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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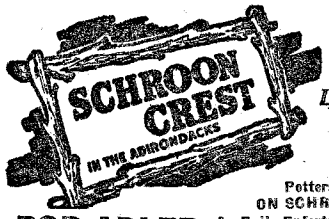

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for another term was viewed with apprehension by those who would safeguard what Haiti euphemistically calls its democracy."

The demonstrations in the Senate building spread through the city and the homes of two Senators were threatened by rioters who were held off only by armed police. University students went on strike, secondary and elementary schools were closed for the protection of the children, and stores were locked against the mobs. "Uncle" Estime went on the radio to assure Haitians that "the eloquent attitude of the people . . . unprecedented in our history, shows political maturity and direct participation in public affairs." A mammoth rally, complete with fireworks and oratory, continued far into the night at Pétionville, six miles up in the hills above Port-au-Prince. Nevertheless, the military authorities took Estime and his family under their "protection" the next day and "accepted his resignation." The Military Junta then took over the government, everything quieted down, and by the end of the week the newly formed Cabinet was installed with solemn ceremony. The Junta will remain in power until the country is ready to elect new officers, which will be in a few months.

The new government will have plenty to worry about besides politics. Roads, education, public-health service, agriculture, and the general economy of the country—whose population is increasing at a terrific rate—will need an enormous boost. A nation of more than 3,000,000 people, most of them barefoot, has literally no bootstraps by which to pull itself up.

The other event is the International Exposition. Although some buildings and exhibits are as yet uncompleted, the exposition grounds are handsome, and, at the cost of half of Haiti's entire annual income, have replaced what was a year ago a malarial waterfront swamp lined with mean hovels and filthy brothels.

Today it is a beautifully landscaped park stretching along the blue waters of the bay, adorned with giant royal palms and flowering trees. Illuminated fountains play at night, and there is excellent sculpture everywhere. In the United States building a motion picture on farming and industry in the States is shown daily and attracts many Haitians who, because of poverty, could otherwise never attend a cinema—the average per capita income in Haiti is $25 a year. There is no entrance fee either

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to the grounds or to the exhibits. Two of the most interesting exhibits are the "Small Industries of Haiti" and the delightful primitives, full of spirit and color, shown by the Port-au-Prince Art Center.

This exposition, for which President Estime spent so great a slice of his country's slim funds, in the belief that it would provoke world-wide interest in Haiti, will in time become a handsome new shopping district. Some of the buildings, the one devoted to "Tourisme," for example, are to be permanent, and many of the foreign buildings will be used as quarters for foreign embassies.

With the malarial mosquitoes wiped out, the area will be a valuable property. But it is difficult for taxpayers with marginal incomes to look that far ahead. All they see now is a vast, expensive undertaking that is not drawing the crowds it was designed to attract and millions of dollars diverted from what might have been more immediate public welfare.

BELLE FLIGELMAN

Port-au-Prince, May 30

Agee and Griffith

Dear Sirs: The occasion of a recent visit to a revival of "The Birth of a Nation" prompts me to offer a much belated word of praise for James Agee's magnificent obituary essay on David Wark Griffith, which appeared in your issue of September 4, 1948. To read the article, to see the film, is to make contact with the spirit of creative art.

ROGER MAXWELL

New York, June 12

CONTRIBUTORS

MARIE SYRKIN, recently returned from Israel, is the author of "Blessed Is the Match. The Story of Jewish Resistance."

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN is the author of "The Lost World of Thomas Jefferson." He is a member of the Committee of Social Thought at the University of Chicago.

HUBERT CREEKMORE is the author of a novel, "The Welcome."

DAVID RIESMAN is professor of the social sciences in the College of the University of Chicago.

JACOB KORG is a graduate student in English at Columbia University.

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